

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1904.

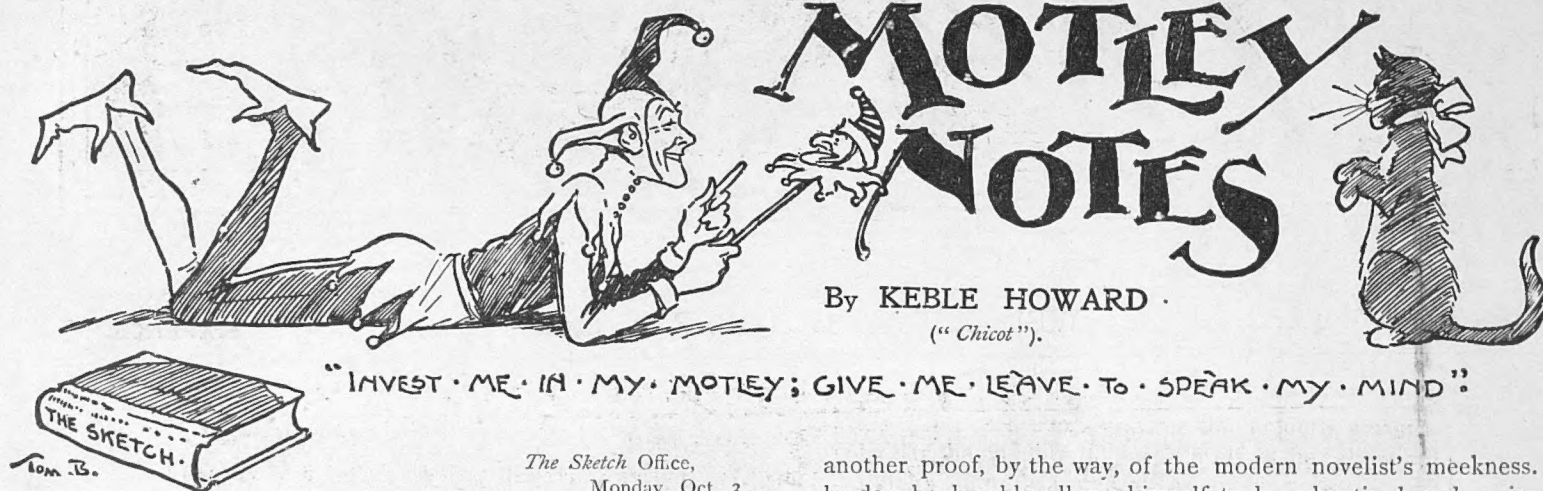
SIXPENCE.



[*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*]

MISS EVELYN MILLARD,

WHO WILL MAKE HER REAPPEARANCE TO-MORROW NIGHT, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE FROM THE STAGE, IN
"HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT," AT THE IMPERIAL. (SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Oct. 3.

I AM going to let you into a secret, deserving reader. If you would care to make a little money and, at the same time, gain a reputation for being a rather superior person, just write a short article derogatory to the modern English novel and send it to the Editor of a rather superior magazine. You need not fear any unpleasant consequences: the modern English novelist is the mildest, meekest creature imaginable. During the last ten or fifteen years, you see—I forget exactly when the Board School influence first began to make itself felt—he has grown so accustomed to the snubs and sneers of the many people who write about books that he never hears the word novel mentioned but a shudder of anticipation passes over him, and he never alludes to one of his own literary babes without hastening to assume a sickly, deprecating smile. He may know, in his heart of hearts, that his novels are a good deal better than some of those that rank as classics because the authors are not in a position to draw royalties. Not on any account, however, would the modern novelist venture to assert his claim to consideration. The people who write books about books, and articles about books, and paragraphs about books have broken the poor fellow's heart, and he is more than content, nowadays, if he is allowed to retire to the country and produce, tremblingly, one novel and a few stray articles or short stories each year.

Even in the depths of the country, however, the poor novelist cannot altogether escape the blows and the lashes of the rather superior people who condescend to make their living at his expense. In the September number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, for example, Mr. G. S. Street published an article "lamenting the decadence of the English novel." In the October number of the same magazine you will find half-a-dozen well-known literary folk taking Mr. Street far more seriously than they would think necessary had the "lament" been written by a mere novelist. In a great measure, of course, they agree with Mr. Street. Says John Oliver Hobbes: "The quality which seems fatally absent in much modern English fiction is knowledge, and the few authors who write of what they know address a vast army of readers who have never been trained to form any opinion of sound work." At any rate, it is satisfactory to learn that the few authors who "write of what they know" are able to address a vast army of readers. One has generally heard that the opposite is the case. Again, Mr. Andrew Lang complains that British fiction is too much written about. A stickler for logic, perhaps, would wonder how it happened that Mr. Lang, holding this opinion, was persuaded to contribute to this discussion on the decadence of English fiction.

The most amusing contribution comes from Mr. H. G. Wells, who traces, with the intimate knowledge of a modern novelist's sufferings that will be unintelligible to the people who write about books, the probable fate of "Bleak House" as a modern novel. He imagines Mr. Pinker, the literary agent, wrestling with the business difficulties in connection with the publication in book form. "In America Mr. Pinker has the utmost difficulty in securing publication at all, seeing there is nothing in it about either colonial America, divorce, Napoleon, or the twelve apostles; and there is subsequently an interesting correspondence between the American publisher, communicating through the medium of an office-girl and smeary violet type-writing, and Mr. Charles Dickens, who resorts to holograph and pathos, discussing a project to 'invest the book with interest and increase its selling value fifty per cent.' by four illustrations by an imitator of Charles Dana Gibson. Finally, the book appears over here as one of Sixteen Interesting Novels, all in Mr. Methuen's red binding." That reference to "Sixteen Interesting Novels" is a delightful hit, the outcome, perhaps, of bitter experience. There is

another proof, by the way, of the modern novelist's meekness. Day by day, he humbly allows himself to be advertised and reviewed as though he were a stick of asparagus. Have you never noticed that cruel heading on the third page of the *Daily Chronicle*, "Six at Six Shillings"? It is very popular—with the people who write about books.

Just as authors are to be pitied, it seems to me, artists are to be envied. An artist is better paid than an author, he becomes known to the public much more quickly, and his work is done under pleasanter conditions. Again, the least educated person considers himself competent to criticise a novel, even by an accepted author; that same critic, however, is very chary of expressing an adverse opinion on the work of a famous artist. He fancies, of course, that there is little or no technique in a novel; he is quite sure, on the other hand, that he does not understand the technique in a picture. The safest thing to do, in such a case, is to follow the lead of the experts, and that is why, when he pays his annual visit to the Academy, he stands in front of one of Sargent's pictures, puts his head a little on one side, and murmurs, "Wonderful!" If he were honest, he would admit that, so far as he could see, the painting represented a rather nice-looking, ladylike sort of person in a white silk dress. It is impossible for anyone who has never studied the art of painting to appreciate Sargent's pictures; they all profess to, though, and Sargent's price goes up accordingly. Another popular idol was Phil May. In his case, however, the admiration was more sincere. He drew such odd-looking people, you see, and the jokes underneath his pictures were so funny!

Speaking of Phil May reminds me that that cheery group of young artists known to fame as the London Sketch Club will re-assemble, on Friday evening next, for the first meeting of the 1904-5 Sketching Season. Many of the leading members of the Club are so intimately associated with this journal that my readers, I feel sure, will be glad to learn that the past year was by far the most successful in the history of the Club. To begin with, it was last year that the Club went into its own Clubhouse. Then the Exhibitions, Dinners, Smoking Concerts and so forth went off in splendid style, so that our congratulations are due to Mr. John Hassall, the ex-President, Mr. Walter Fowler, the Hon. Sec., and the members of the hard-working Council. From the circular that has been forwarded to me I learn that the new President is Mr. Lee Hankey, whose pathetic painting, "Nothing to Sell," was one of the chief attractions of the recent exhibition at the Royal Institute. Mr. Cecil Aldin, who needs no introduction to readers of *The Sketch*, is the new Vice-President.

From time to time, during the past two or three years, I have arrogated to myself the duty of rebuking those first-nighters who had arrogated to themselves the duty of "booing" new plays that did not meet with their approval. I now desire, rather by way of encouragement than conciliation, to congratulate the "gallery boys" on their very courteous behaviour during the first performance of "The Golden Light." The silent reception of this deplorable piece was perfectly just, and far more telling than the hideous hootings that we had come to consider inevitable. After all, a lover of the theatre must possess, to some extent, the artistic temperament; he must be able to appreciate beautiful speaking, the music of the voice. Should such an one, however poor the play or aggravating the applause of friends, condone that ugly, almost bestial noise known as a "boo"? The playgoer, as everyone admits, has a perfect right to express his opinion; it is the form of expression to which the sensitive, sympathetic first-nighter takes exception. Besides, the "boo" has been so overdone that it has come to mean nothing; if I were a dramatic author, I would far rather that my play should be received with "boos" than in silence.

TWO NEW WEST-END PLAYS:

"THE GOLDEN LIGHT," AT THE SAVOY, AND "HIS HIGHNESS, MY HUSBAND," AT THE COMEDY.



"THE GOLDEN LIGHT"
AT THE SAVOY.

MINISTER OF WAR
MR. HARVEY LONG



A LADY
IN WAITING

"HIS HIGHNESS
MY HUSBAND"
AT THE
'COMEDY'



LIEUT. SMOOR
MR. P. CUNNINGHAM



QUEEN SONIA
MISS MIRIAM CLEMENS

MISS MIRIAM CLEMENS

PRINCESS XENOFA
MISS LOTTIE VENNE

MISS LOTTIE VENNE



EX-KING
OF INGRIA
MR. ERIC
LEWIS

PRINCE CYRIL
MR. LEONARD BOYNE



A LADY
IN WAITING

PRESIDENT OF
THE COUNCIL
MR. HERBERT ROSS



THE CLUBMAN.

A Distant Echo of the War—The Punch-bowl Treasures.

FROM Afghanistan comes an echo of the war which is raging in Manchuria. The Russians all along their borders in Asia are making a show of strength, to let their neighbours know that, though they have one war on hand, they are quite ready for another if need be, and the Ameer has taken the matter seriously, and not, as it is, a necessary piece of bluff. He is moving big guns of position up to Herat, which is the fortress-town near the frontier which Russia will try to seize by a *coup de main* whenever the war does come, and is parking his mountain artillery in the fortress and on the road there.

He also proposes to pay his army regularly, which is quite an unheard-of thing in Afghanistan. When regiments became troublesome and demanded their pay, so that they could buy food, the late Ameer had two ways of dealing with them. If it was a good fighting regiment, he gave the men their pay and cut off the head of somebody or another, it did not much matter who, for detaining the rupees. If it was a regiment that was not very useful to him, he was astounded at their audacity and treated the whole corps as mutineers. The present Ameer is establishing the system by which, during the time of the great

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, whose sudden death on Saturday last was a source of deep regret to men of all parties, was essentially a fighting politician of the old school, utterly opposed to the modern and comparatively puny methods of debate, a hard thinker, a hard hitter, and, withal, an English gentleman in the best sense of that most abused term. The graceful tribute paid to him on his retirement in March by Mr. Balfour was well merited. "I have found in him," said the Premier, "a man who was capable of expressing with the most vigorous eloquence his opposition to the views which I hold, a man capable of giving knocks—hard knocks—and of receiving hard knocks; but who never permitted the bitterness of public controversy to overflow into private life, and who never allowed the differences separating the two parties in the State for one moment to interfere with those public objects in which both the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition are equally interested—namely, the dignity of that great assembly of which they are members, and the greatness of the Empire of which they are citizens." It was just this capability of giving and receiving knocks, this vigorous eloquence, this recognition of the dignity of Parliament that made Sir William the commanding figure he was, and carried him through many years of



MR. ALDERMAN JOHN POUND (LORD MAYOR ELECT) AND MRS. POUND.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

wars, regiments used to be raised in Great Britain. If a man can raise a thousand fighting-men, the Ameer will make him a Colonel, or give him a lesser rank in proportion to the number he brings in.

I am sorry to read that the treasures of the Punch-bowl Club have been dispersed through an auction-room and that the strange collection which Mr. Percy Wood got together, with the help of his members, only fetched a paltry two hundred pounds. When the history of the Clubs of this century and the last comes to be written, the Punch-bowl will be classed high amongst the eccentric gathering-places. Mr. Percy Wood was to London very much what Rudolph de Salis was to Paris, and almost as many celebrated people were guests at the Punch-bowl as at the Chat-Noir before the latter place became a show where the bourgeois stared at shadow-pantomimes.

The Punch-bowl had its first habitation in Regent Street, and then was called "The White Door"; but a landlord with no sense of the fitness of things painted the door green, and the Club had to change its name. Mr. Percy Wood was a sculptor, and some excellent work of his is scattered about this country. He was a photographer also, and once told me that a fortune was in his grasp through his camera; but that fortune never arrived. He also was a Red Indian Chief, bearing the letters-patent from the tribe which had adopted him, and on great occasions would don the feathers and the beads. He was certainly the most eccentric Club-proprietor of the day, and was wont to lead the revels at the Punch-bowl attired in a Georgian costume.

strenuous work as leader of the Parliamentary Bar, private member, Solicitor-General, Home Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Ministry and from 1892, Leader of the House of Commons in the Rosebery Administration, and Leader of the Opposition. His refusal of a Peerage at the time of the Coronation was characteristic of the man. He worked not for personal glory, but for the common weal as he recognised it.

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR.

Peculiar interest attached to the attendance of the retiring Lord Mayor of London and the civic dignitaries at the service in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry on Thursday last, for it was the five hundredth anniversary of this ancient observance since Dick Whittington of immortal memory created the precedent in the eighth year of the reign of Henry IV. At the conclusion of the service, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen went in procession to the Guildhall, and here, with fitting ceremonial, the new Lord Mayor was elected. On a show of hands, Alderman John Pound, who was next in rotation, received an overwhelming majority, Alderman Vaughan Morgan being chosen as second candidate. In the end, Alderman Pound was duly elected. No better selection could have been made, for the new Lord Mayor has a special claim on the sympathies of City men, seeing that he was born on the premises in Leadenhall Street where he still carries on business and was educated at Christ's Hospital.

"THE LAST OF THE LIEUTENANTS WHOM MR. GLADSTONE GATHERED AROUND HIM IN HIS PRIME."

—DAILY CHRONICLE.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT,
WHO DIED IN HIS SLEEP ON SATURDAY MORNING LAST FROM HEART FAILURE. HE WAS WITHIN A FORTNIGHT OF HIS
SEVENTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

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and the summer slips away. If you want to know all about
everything connected with racing matters for 1904, and fix up
your engagements while there is yet time, you cannot do better
than consult a little waistcoat-pocket found-at-once diary, bound
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you at a glance all you want to know. It is issued to his clients
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THE LAST OF THE NEZ-PERCÉS.

A few days ago there died, in the Indian Reserve in Washington
Territory, Joseph, the Chief of the Red Indian tribe of the Nez-Percés,
who was called by General Miles the "Napoleon of the Indians."
He was the last of the great Redskin warriors, and, since the death
of Red Cloud, the sole survivor of the chiefs who resisted the
advance of the Americans across the great plains. Joseph, in spite
of his peaceable-sounding name, was the Indian who led the cam-
paign on the Serpent River in Oregon, and he was finally defeated
by General Miles at Yellowstone. He was sixty-eight years old at
the time of his death.

"A COUNTRY GIRL" IN PARIS.

Preparations are going on apace for the coming Paris production of
"A Country Girl," which, for want of a better title, will be called
"A Country Girl" upon the Paris programme. It will not, as at first
arranged, be given at the Folies Bergères, where the stage is too
small, but at the Olympia, and Messrs. Max Dearly, de Cottens, and
Fordyce are hard at work polishing and pruning. A feature of the
piece is to be the engagement of a bevy of beautiful girls, of whom
Miss Marion Winchester and Miss Edith Whitney, two charming
Americans, are in the van. "Vive l'entente cordiale!"

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

OCTOBER 8.

NEUTRAL GROUND AT MUKDEN:
THE SACRED TOMBS.

WAR PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRONT.

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF LASSA,
ITS BUILDINGS & PEOPLE:

ALMS-GIVING & RACE-MEETING

"THE GOLDEN LIGHT," AND "HIS
HIGHNESS MY HUSBAND."

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

OCTOBER 8.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



GOSSET

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THIS last week the British nation has twice had occasion to think with affectionate gratitude of our Sovereign's Consort. The death of Professor Finsen recalled the fact that the Queen was among the very first to realise her fellow-countryman's great gift to humanity, and, not content with that, Her Majesty introduced the priceless boon to her adopted land, putting up in the London Hospital one of the Finsen Lupus-Curing

Apparatus at her own expense—a Royal example which was soon followed by more than one philanthropic millionaire. The Queen's practical kindness of heart has been again brought home to us all by the formal opening of "Queen Alexandra's Court" at Wimbledon. The "Court" is composed of a series of beautiful buildings which will provide charming, and it might almost be said luxurious, homes for the widows and daughters of officers, the smallness of whose private means would otherwise condemn to a life of a very uncomfortable kind. The Queen has taken a very keen interest in every detail of the work, and she made several valuable suggestions of a practical nature in connection with the fitments of each little flat. In one way, "Queen Alexandra's Court" is a gift from the Colonies to the Mother Country, for it is the outcome of a wealthy Australian's generosity. This gentleman placed the sum of ten thousand pounds in the Queen's hands to do as she would with, and Her Majesty decided that in this way it would be best employed.

Pheasant-Shooting and Shots.

October is the month of months in the sportsman's calendar, and this year pheasant-shooting has begun in glorious weather. It is said that about half-a-million birds are shot annually between Oct. 1 and the close of the pheasant-shooting season, and each year the total "bag" shows a tendency to get larger. Pheasant-rearing has become a very profitable occupation, and a well-managed pheasant-farm will breed and dispose of from six thousand to ten thousand birds each year. Many keen sportsmen, headed by the King, breed themselves, and others, again, go to Hungary, where pheasant-culture

has been raised to a fine art. Good shots are naturally most plentiful in the leisured class, and it is a curious fact that among the most famous of twentieth-century sportsmen should be two Indian Princes. Both Prince Victor Duleep Singh and his brother are noted for their really astounding prowess, and in old days their father had at Elveden the most noted sporting-estate in the kingdom.

Lord Alington, still better remembered by his old name of Mr. Humphrey Sturt, will shortly have the honour of entertaining his Sovereign at Criche, the beautiful place in Dorset which he inherited from his father. Lord Alington is an all-round Peer; he is clever and cultivated, and also an enthusiastic sportsman. Before he succeeded his father, he was an energetic Member of Parliament, taking an unaffected interest in agricultural matters. Lord Alington and his pretty sisters have been known to the Sovereign and to the Queen from childhood, for as Prince and Princess of Wales their Majesties frequently visited Criche. The new Lady Alington was, before her marriage, Lady Feo Yorke. She is a very beautiful woman and is a noteworthy hostess.



LORD ALINGTON, WHO WILL SHORTLY ENTERTAIN THE KING AT CRICHE.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

Tasmania is fortunate in its new Governor, Sir Gerald Strickland, for he has shown that he is admirably suited for such a position.

Sir Gerald is a Maltese Count as well as an English gentleman. He comes from one of the oldest of our Roman Catholic families, and he very early joined that branch of the Diplomatic Service which concerns itself with Greater Britain. His first apprenticeship as a public servant took place in Malta, where he was first Assistant-Secretary, and then Chief Secretary, and as Chairman of the Malta Cholera Committee he did yeoman service for both Maltese and British. Lady Adeline Strickland is the eldest of Lord De La Warr's sisters. She is a keen sports-woman and made herself very much liked in the West Indies, where her husband lately completed his term of two years' Governorship of the Leeward Islands. Sir Gerald and Lady Adeline have a beautiful place in Westmorland.

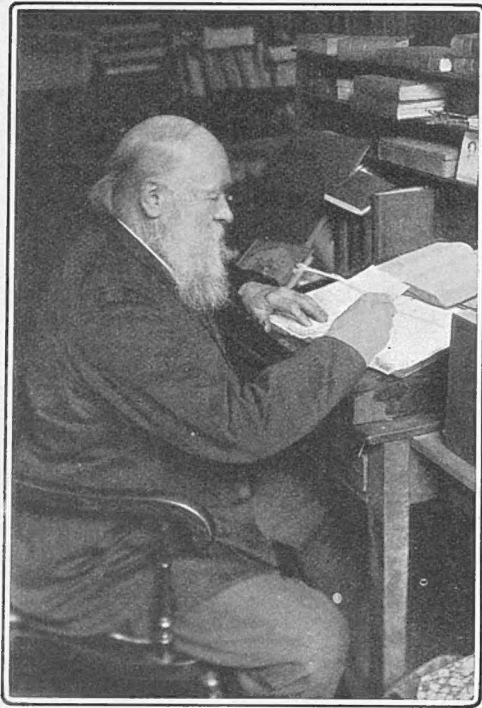
"*Prvojencani*." This extraordinary-looking word is the nickname which King Peter of Serbia has assumed on his Coronation, after the mediæval custom to which we owe such titles as "Richard Cœur-de-Lion," "Pepin the Short," "Louis the Well-Beloved," and so on. "*Prvojencani*" means "first-crowned," and was the title assumed by Stephen Uros, the son of Stephen Nemanja, who was the first of the Servian Kings to be crowned. This happened in 1195. If King Peter "*Prvojencani*" is only half as good a ruler as Stephen Uros "*Prvojencani*" was, he will deserve well of his people and merit his queer-looking title.



SIR GERALD STRICKLAND (NEWLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF TASMANIA) AND LADY ADELINE STRICKLAND.

Photographs by T. H. Hogg, Kendal.

Karl Blind. Among the Grand Old Men of Europe Karl Blind deserves to take a high place, for he is one who has known how to suffer for the faith that was in him. Although many years have gone by since he first became an inhabitant of this country, the famous old Revolutionary never forgets that he is a German by birth, and that, as a youth, he was one of the most distinguished students of the Bonn University. Karl Blind was a leader of the German Revolution in 1848, and, in addition to being condemned to death and then reprieved, he actually suffered eight months' solitary confinement—part of it in chains—in the awful prison of Rastatt. Blind has known most of the notable thinkers of the day; he was an intimate friend of Mazzini, and was highly thought of by Garibaldi. Like so many other stormy



KARL BLIND, THE FAMOUS REVOLUTIONARY.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

petrels, he found a kind home in England, where he has many devoted friends and admirers and where he will shortly celebrate his eightieth birthday.

The Baby's Grandmother.

There are many youthful Society grandmothers, but few who can compare in youthfulness of appearance with Lady de Grey, whose daughter, Lady Juliet Duff, has just become the proud mother of a little girl. Lady de Grey is a sister of Lord Pembroke, and she was, in earliest youth, considered the loveliest débutante of her year. She married the late Lord Lonsdale in her first Season, and shortly after became a widow. As Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, she was one of the most popular, as well as undoubtedly the most beautiful woman in Society, and her marriage to the famous sportsman whose name she now bears attracted widespread interest. Lady de Grey is exceedingly musical and she has had much to do with the present popularity of Grand Opera. She is a great friend of the Queen, as was her mother-in-law, Lady Ripon, before her. Little Miss Duff is not only the granddaughter of a famous beauty, but she has two brilliant great-grandmothers, of whom perhaps the most interesting is Lady Herbert of Lea.

London, still without a statue to Shakspeare, may take heart of grace in that one of its boroughs, at all events, is to contain a living memorial to our greatest poet. Last year a band of municipal pilgrims from Southwark paid a visit of homage to Stratford-on-Avon, and, incidentally, secured the promise of a seedling from the famous mulberry-tree in the garden attached to the house in which the dramatist died. This



LADY DE GREY, A YOUTHFUL GRANDMOTHER.

Photograph by Otto, Paris.

is now ready for despatch, and is to be planted before the local Town Hall—a situation that is likely to lead to discussion, for there are those who deem its chances of life greater if it were planted in the freer air of the park.

Mr. Balfour at Balmoral.

Sport at Balmoral has no attraction for the Prime Minister, as he has ceased to shoot. There is, however, a golf-course in the grounds, and the roads are good for motoring. Mr. Balfour, according to gossip, is a more congenial Minister to the King than his uncle was. They have more interests in common, and he is more of a courtier than Lord Salisbury could have been. The Prime Minister's visit last week was, no doubt, much more agreeable than his visit last autumn, when he was troubled by the resignation of several colleagues and had difficulty in finding suitable successors. On this occasion he has been free from Cabinet-making and from fears of an immediate dissolution.

A New Norfolk Hostess.

A charming addition to the great Norfolk hostesses is young Lady Bedingfeld, who was before her marriage Miss Sybil Lyne-Stephens. Sir Henry and Lady Bedingfeld are the fortunate owners of Oxburgh Hall, which has been described as the finest example of brick architecture in the kingdom. Particularly fine is the banqueting-hall, which has been compared with Westminster Hall. The story goes that Henry VII., when staying at Oxburgh Hall in 1487, slept in the spacious chamber over the gateway now known as the King's Room, and Queen Elizabeth also stayed there. This beautiful house has long been a Roman Catholic stronghold, and it boasts, as do so many other British mansions, of a priest's hiding-hole. Sir Henry Bedingfeld is very popular in the neighbourhood of Stoke Ferry; he succeeded his father some two years ago, and he distinguished himself during the South African War.



LADY BEDINGFELD, A DISTINGUISHED NORFOLK HOSTESS.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

A comic incident occurred after the races at San Sebastian a few days ago. The King of Spain presented a silver cup for one of the races, which was won by a French gentleman rider. The winner duly received the cup and set off home; but when he arrived at Hendaye, the frontier town, the French Customs House officers demanded the duty which is levied on works of art entering France. This the sportsman refused to pay, considering the circumstances, but the officers insisted and sent him back across the frontier in default of payment. As he re-entered Spain he was pounced upon by the Spanish Carabiniers, who in their turn demanded the duty for the import of works of art into Spain. In a furious rage, the French sportsman telegraphed to King Alfonso, and it needed the personal interposition of the Sovereign before the unfortunate Frenchman was allowed to take his trophy home without being taxed on both sides of the frontier for the privilege of having won a silver cup in a horse-race.

A Crown Prince's Souvenirs.

A few days ago the Crown Prince of Germany took part in the conclusion of the Manœuvres near Wismar. Three girls of the place who were at the final operations took it into their heads to congratulate the Prince on his engagement to the Duchess Cecilie, and were duly thanked for their good wishes. Encouraged by their reception and by the Prince's reputation as an admirer of beauty, the girls next asked for a souvenir of the occasion, but as the Prince was, of course, in uniform, he had nothing about him except his cigarette-case. He solved the difficulty by giving each of the girls one of his cigarettes, and the three went off laughing with their prizes.

Prince Charles of Hohenzollern.

There seems to be some doubt as to the status of the Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern, who has been received by the Emperor of Japan at Tokio. He is the third son of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, the head of the elder but non-reigning branch of the Kaiser's family. He is the nephew of King Charles of Roumania and younger brother of the Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, who married the eldest daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Goburg and Gotha. He was born at Sigmaringen on Sept. 1, 1868, and married at Brussels, on May 28, 1894, Princess Josephine of Belgium, the daughter of the Count of Flanders and niece of King Leopold. Prince Charles is a soldier and has served in the 1st Regiment of the Uhlans of the Prussian Guard.

Lady Willoughby de Broke.

Lady Willoughby de Broke is one of the great sporting hostesses of England. Not only is she a fine horsewoman, but her own father, Mr. C. A. Hanbury, was a noted horseman. Lady Willoughby de Broke is devoted to her delightful home, Kineton House, and she plays a leading rôle in all the local affairs. Her brother, Mr. Basil Hanbury, is married to Lord Willoughby de Broke's sister.

Miss McCaul.

At the present moment the most interesting lady connected with the gentle art of nursing is Miss McCaul. Well known in the medical world as one of the greatest of surgical nurses, she has recently been to Japan in order to see how the ambulance arrangements and military hospitals were being organised and carried out by our wonderful allies. Miss McCaul was in South Africa during the War, and so may claim to have expert knowledge of the subject. So interested did she become, while at the Front, in many of the gallant soldiers with whom she came in contact that, after her return to this country, she originated the idea of the Union Jack Club, and her efforts on its behalf have met with triumphant success.

Lady Bingham.

Lord Lucan's daughter-in-law will take her place among the great political hostesses this winter, for, thanks in a large measure to her efforts, Lord Bingham is now Member for the Chertsey Division. Both husband and wife are followers of Mr. Chamberlain and take an enthusiastic interest in Tariff Reform. Lady Bingham is, of course, a sister of the fortunate fiancé of Miss Pauline Astor, and she has long been much attached to her future sister-in-law.

Mrs. Thorneycroft.

The wife of the gallant officer who raised and commanded Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, which proved of such signal service in the Boer War, has won golden opinions in Ireland. Mrs. Thorneycroft comes of the best military stock, for she was a daughter of the late Major J. W. Percy. At the time of her marriage, last year, to Colonel Thorneycroft she was the widow of Mr. Burrard Crozier.

Spaniard and no Frenchman (writes our Correspondent). You people on the foggy side of Dover's Straits may smile at this, but I assure you that it is literally true. French people love to take a dilettante interest in other folks' shortcomings, and nobody, to hear them talk of Adolf Beck, would ever have believed that they had had an

"Affaire Dreyfus" of their own. And not only the boulevardiers, but Thérèse—"Thérèse unique et indivisible," as the late Léon Cléry used to call her—is getting ready for the fray. It is not easy to get interviews with Madame Thérèse these days, so I've had no opportunity of judging for myself whether the connection between the Humbert case and "L'Affaire Casa-Riera" of which rumour talks exists, but Thérèse has, as usual, something to say. She has been spending her spare time in drawing up a statement, and she has written to the Prefect of Ile-et-Vilaine, in which Department her present country-house (Rennes Prison) lies, to ask for leave to read it to the Paris public, and, incidentally, to a few lawyers, Judges, and the Minister of Justice. Whether her statement will prove that the aged Crawford and the father of the youthful-looking Spanish Marquis were the same is not yet known, but there seems to be no real reason why it shouldn't.

Why We Laugh.

I have been reading a very curious book by M. Henri Bergson, called "Le Rire," in which the author explains why we laugh. He has a novel theory to account for our laughter, which is that automatism is the real genesis of the comical. In gesture, says M. Bergson, the movements of the human body are laughable in the exact degree in which that body reminds us of a mechanism. For instance, why do we laugh when an orator, making an eloquent gesture, upsets the glass of water placed before him? We do not laugh because the motion was an unexpected one, but because the body ceased to be under control and was mechanical. Had the speech-maker had an apoplectic stroke, it would have been just as unexpected, but we should not have laughed. Speeches which make us laugh, M. Bergson goes on, are those which come out automatically. For instance, "If I die, will you come to my funeral?" "With pleasure." And, of course, automatism in a situation makes for laughter, such as the celebrated situation in the



LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

Photograph by Langflier, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS ETHEL McCAUL, ORIGINATOR OF THE UNION JACK CLUB.

Photograph by Esme Collings, Bond Street, W.



LADY BINGHAM, WIFE OF THE MEMBER FOR CHERTSEY.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.



MRS. THORNEYCROFT, WIFE OF COLONEL THORNEYCROFT.

Photograph by Esme Collings, Bond Street, W.

"L'Affaire Casa-Riera."

Paris boulevardiers are girding up their loins for the coming *cause célèbre*, the "Affaire Casa-Riera," which, at the present stage, seems more than likely to develop into a Paris version of the Tichborne case, with the, to Frenchmen, extra charm that, whether the Marquis or the blacksmith be the real impostor, the impostor is bound to be a

"Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," when a whole marriage-party searches for a straw hat which a horse has eaten. There is something novel about this theory of M. Henri Bergson. But what a century we live in! In olden days we laughed and were content. The man who would have sat himself down to spoil paper with a view to proving how we came to laugh would have been laughed at.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

The announcement that Mr. Joseph Jefferson intends to retire from the stage, while it intimately affects the United States, is not without interest for English playgoers, although to the present generation his name is merely a tradition. Several times within the last ten years, however, it has been hoped that Mr. Jefferson would cross the Atlantic and play once more in London. Indeed, the Lyceum, while it was the temple of our highest dramatic art under the management of Sir Henry Irving, England's greatest tragedian, was the home offered for the reception of America's greatest comedian. Mr. Jefferson, however, did not care to undertake the voyage and the matter fell through.

It would be difficult, probably, even for Mr. Jefferson to say how many times he has acted "Rip Van Winkle," the announcement of his appearance in which character is quite sufficient to fill any theatre in any city in the United States. It was the part he played in London sufficiently long ago for Mr. Harry Grattan to have acted "Rip's" son when he was himself only seven or eight. Mr. Grattan père took his son and daughter to Mr. Jefferson to see if they would suit the children's parts, for they were the best child actors on the stage. The engagement was settled and Mr. Grattan asked what he should do

figure," and "how to simulate the voice of one from spirit-land." That is bad enough news for the confiding, but what will they say when they learn that this dealer in the occult knew of genuine mediums, but is of the opinion that "the fakes made the most money"?

The Commander of the Second Manchurian Army.

The career of General Oscar Kasimirovitch Gripenberg, to whom the Czar has entrusted the command of the Second Manchurian Army, is such as to amply justify his Emperor's encomiums. The General entered the Army at the age of sixteen, took part in the Crimean War, in the Polish Insurrectionary War, and in the Turkestan War, during which he earned the Fourth Class of the coveted Order of St. George for bravery in the field. In the war against Turkey he received the Golden Sword. His peace duties have included the command of the Moscow Guards, the leadership of the First Brigade in the First Guards Division, of the Guards Sharpshooters' Brigade, of the First Guards Infantry Division, and of the Sixth Artillery Corps, the Assistant-Commandership of the Troops in the Vilna District, and the Commandership of the same, which embodies those of the Vilna, Kovno, and Grodno. His appointment is regarded as a triumph for Alexeieff, who retains his position as Commander-in-Chief



A CHARMING VIEW OF BERGEN, NORWAY, RECENTLY VISITED BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.

with the children. "Leave them alone," said Mr. Jefferson, "if you want them to act without knowing they're acting." They were left alone, with the result that the critics were loud in their encomiums of the playing of the youngsters.

While he was touring in the provinces, Jefferson met Charles Mathews, who was playing at another theatre in the same town. Jefferson was, of course, playing only "Rip Van Winkle," and Mathews was playing a round of his favourite parts. At the hotel they naturally foregathered, and Mathews began to rally his friend on the fact that he played only one part. "Call yourself an actor!" he said. "Why, all you have is a white wig and a beard and some tattered clothes in a bag. With these you go through the country playing one single part. Actor, indeed!" "Quite true," said Jefferson; "I know I only play one part. You change the way in which the stripes of your trousers go and think you play another part, but you are Charles Mathews all the time. Which do you think is better, to play one part twenty different ways, as I play 'Rip,' or twenty parts all in one way?"

Spiritualistic Fakes.

A Chicago manufacturer has been giving the game away by confessing that he has supplied a complete outfit for spiritualists, including a medium, hands floating through darkness and vanishing, "how to materialise a face or a full-size

of the land and sea forces, and as a set-back for Kuropatkin, who is relegated to the command of a single army.

The Prince of Piedmont's Horoscope.

The astrologers have already been busy with the little heir to the throne of Italy, and, casting his horoscope, prophesy good and evil together in the approved manner of their kind. It is said that he will be in grave physical danger at the ages of ten months and four years, but that, if well cared for, he will pull through and live to see not only the fall and reconstitution of the Papacy, but the end of England's power and the union of France and Italy, after a series of disasters to the former Power.

The Suzerain of Tibet.

China is evidently determined not to lose the suzerainty of Tibet, and has despatched an official to conduct investigations and take over the management of affairs. Tang-Shao-Ki, the Taotai of Tientsin, has been chosen for the work, has been appointed a Metropolitan Official of the third rank, and a Lieutenant-General. The Taotai, who was educated at Yale University, and has acted as secretary to Yuan-Shih-Ki in Korea, is said to be thoroughly at home with foreign affairs, and, while careful to preserve his country's interests, to be unbiassed in his opinion on "foreign-devils."

"METRICAL MELODRAMA" AT THE ADELPHI:

TWO SCENES FROM "THE PRAYER OF THE SWORD."



ACT III.—A LOVE-SCENE BETWEEN THE DUCHESS OF ANDOLA (MISS LILY BRAYTON) AND FRA ANDREA (MR. WALTER HAMPDEN).

Fra Andrea is a young monk who falls in love with the Duchess and runs away from the monastery in order to fight for her.



ACT V.—THE DEATH OF SCORLA (MR. OSCAR ASCHE).

Scorla attempts to assassinate Fra Andrea, but the monk gets the best of the bout. Before dying, however, Scorla manages to inflict a mortal wound on the Duchess with a poisoned dagger.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

MY morning paper's story about the young German officer, the old German officer, and the Bavarian who was not a soldier at all fills me with wonderment. The boy officer demanded a salute from the Bavarian, who hastened to explain that what the lad took for uniform was livery, and that consequently there was no claim for acknowledgment. This should have ended the business, but, unfortunately, the liveried Bavarian had dared to use the familiar "thou" to the lad. So he was arrested, and when he complained to the Colonel of the regiment he was assured that the boy officer was right and would be upheld. "He would have been justified in running you through the body," concluded the enlightened and intelligent Colonel, "for you have insulted the German Army!"

From this exhilarating piece of news I turn to the account of Herr von Osten's thinking horse, upon which so much care has been lavished. It can count, it can answer questions—in fact, it can think. All this is satisfactory, but it leaves me with a sense of misdirected energy. If only Herr von Osten could be engaged to teach young German officers to think! He might not be so successful as he has been with the horse, but the experiment is worth trying. Then liveried servants might ride in peace through the streets, and young officers would neither make fools of themselves in youth nor grow in middle-age to become like Colonels who hold that civilians may rightfully be run through the body for failing to salute a silly boy or for using the second person singular in talking to him.

Have you heard of M. Nemirovitch Dantchenko? My morning paper has chronicled many of his opinions in the past few months, for he has been acting as War Correspondent with the Russian Army in Manchuria on behalf of one of the best St. Petersburg papers. To be a Correspondent in that service demands a fine imaginative faculty, but M. Dantchenko has one that is wasted anywhere outside the bureau of his native city's secret police. He has just published to the world the true story of Great Britain's perfidious intentions. He received it from two travelling Englishmen in Italy, who warned him more than a year ago that Japan and Russia would be lured into war by Great Britain. British diplomacy, we are told, seeks to weaken Russia and Japan, to take all the securities of the latter in pawn, and then, seeing Russia beaten to her knees, to join the United States and proclaim a Protectorate over the whole world. Only M. Dantchenko would give our statesmen credit for such a brilliant idea. I note that General Kuropatkin has sent him home, presumably that he may write sensational fiction for the Russian Halfpenny Press, or discover plots against the Czar when reform projects are mooted.

America has been well to the fore with railway accidents lately, and it is interesting to note that, in one of the worst of these, the well-built sleeping-cars stood the shock of collision that was fatal to the rest. One would have thought that, if one set of carriages can be built to endure trouble, all the others should be built on similar lines. One or two American Correspondents expose the fallacy. It would appear that it is cheaper to build the more fragile cars and face the claims for damages that follow accidents than to build the expensive ones that would make catastrophes impossible. There seems to be no protest against this very commercial conception of duties. Our American cousins guess their railroads have to be run to pay, and if it pays better to risk accidents—well, they must be risked. That's all; there is no room for sentiment in business.

I rubbed my eyes in great astonishment the other morning when I read in my morning paper that King Alfonso has signed a decree prohibiting bull-fighting in Spain on Sundays. If our Government suddenly abolished Bank Holidays and ordered all places of amusement to be closed on Saturday nights, there would be trouble; but that would be a small matter compared with the closing of the *plaza de toros* on the one day in the week when the working-man of Spain can see blood shed freely and at a small cost. I suppose it is a Clerical move, for Rome has been tightening her grip upon Spain these many days since France began to rebel in earnest, and the protests of the people have been ignored. But I should not be surprised to hear that the Royal prohibition, if put into effect, creates a revolution. "Pan y los toros" ("bread and bulls"), that is the cry of the Spanish proletariat.

I read that the Southern Sea Fisheries Committee has managed to have the Cormorant and the Shag omitted throughout its jurisdiction from the list of feathered creatures that enjoy the benefits of the Wild Birds Protection Act. The reason given is the destruction to fish, but, as a correspondent points out in a morning paper, these birds do a great deal of good by eating on the seashore a host of creatures that prey upon the eggs of fish. I am always sorry to see wild life interfered with by institutions that have neither body to be kicked nor soul to be—condemned. I fancy that Nature knows a great deal more than we are ever likely to learn about the balance of life, and where birds or beasts become extinct man may generally be held responsible for the extinction.



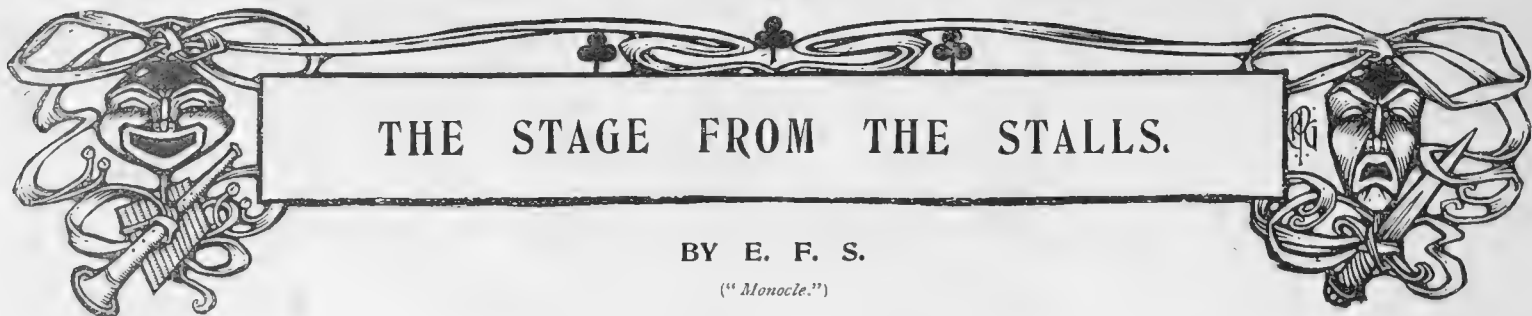
[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

"THE MARRIAGE HANDICAP": MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S SUGGESTION.

WIFE (after ten years): "Good-bye, dear, and good luck!"

THE HUMOURIST AT BRUGES.





THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE GOLDEN LIGHT."

THERE was a time when such puffs-preliminary as appeared concerning "The Golden Light" would have sent me to the theatre in a prodigious state of curiosity. Nowadays I am sceptical; so often have promises of startling novelties been made and only half fulfilled that the paragraphers appeal unsuccessfully to me, and I always expect that the startling novelty will be neither novel nor startling. Still, the comic interview that appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* was a clever piece of work, and there is something novel in the "new note" of the latest actress-manager. No one in my time has worn a series of emotional, symbolical gowns before the venture of Mrs. Brown-Potter, though in a simple way isolated costumes coming within her idea—or that of her dressmaker—have been used, such as the traditional black gown of the ruined heroine or repentant faithless wife, or the white frock of the mad leading lady. Of course, the idea of a relation between colour and emotion, or colour and abstract idea, or colour and sentiment, is far from new. For instance, it was worked hard in certain poems of Maeterlinck and in a play by one Montonaro (translated by Mr. Grein), to take two fairly modern efforts of dramatists. Unfortunately, it promises to be least effective and valuable when employed on the boards. For, at most, the use of colour, symbolically, can only be comprehensible by virtue of convention, and none exists save in a very few and elementary matters. This is so clearly the case that all nations and classes are not in agreement as to what colour indicates mourning.

As to the new note, I take this passage verbatim from the interview. The lady is speaking of her first-Act gown: "It has . . . a tint of green that has a grumble in it, a tone of dissatisfaction that takes it quite away from the real green, expressing hope, that also sweeps into some of its folds. Introduced with these greens comes the pure real blue that expresses the very human woman, whilst a touch of mauve gives the suggestion of passion that is more fully developed in the onward march of the play. This gown is entitled 'The Awakening of Hope.'" The first obvious remark is that many people cannot distinguish shades of greens from one another or from blues, even under favourable circumstances, that the average person cannot do so by artificial light, and that a spectator with perfect normal sight may confound them when at a distance in a theatre with footlights in between. The second is that no connection exists connecting these tones and colours with the ideas in question, and so they are not symbolical, and therefore no one unprompted by a formal explanation would find any meaning in the dress. In fact, if people were merely told that the gown had a symbolical meaning, they would take different views as to the meaning. French modistes in the past, with comic impudence, have attempted to play a symbol game with colours, and there have been such absurdities as *couleur de cuisse de nymphe émue*, and *couleur de grenouille amoureuse*, and *couleur d'huître affamée*: probably no one took them seriously. Probably no one will take Mrs. Brown-Potter and her symbolical frills and flounces seriously, or regard her scenery and costumes "as an obligato to the dramatic development of the play." I fancy that Sophocles must be trying to come back across the Styx to express his indignation at the suggestion that he would "adopt the same idea." His view, I imagine, would be that he did not require the aid of a dressmaker, even if she "founds her colour-harmonies on the truths of the ancient Ping dynasty of China," in expressing his ideas, but was content to rely on his genius as dramatist. An extra chapter on the topic in "Sartor Resartus" would be entertaining.

By-the-bye, if this sort of thing comes into vogue, what is to become of the actors in non-costume pieces? It will be difficult to design a waistcoat symbolical of "The Awakening of Hope," whilst a frock-coat indicative of "In Passion's Thrall" is hardly conceivable. Perhaps a collar and necktie might be worked up into "The Story of the Daisy," and with a polychromatic suit of dittos one might

contrive the suggestion of "Consolable Sorrow." Dress-suits, however, will refuse to lend themselves even to the efforts of a tailor who founds his schemes on the truths of the Ping-Pong dynasty of China.

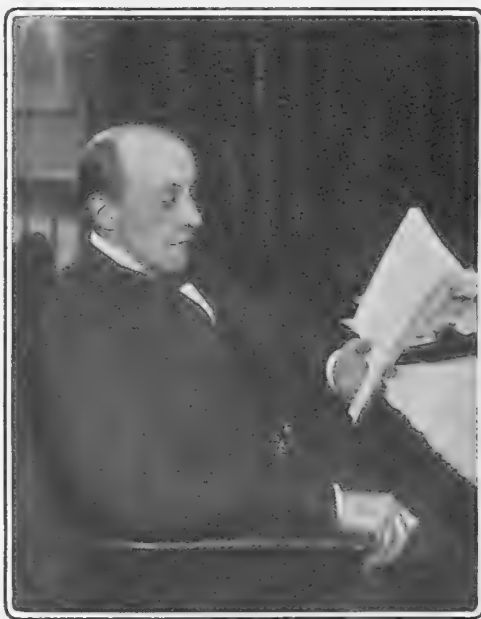
The play is poor stuff, not reaching the humble standard of mediocrity, and it may be assumed that, under normal circumstances, it would have remained unacted; its story would be repulsive if the piece were well enough written to be interesting, which is not by any means the case. The idea of a woman coming out of her husband's death-chamber in a "consolable-sorrow" gown, and looking down hopefully upon the young man the sight of whom in his wife's arms had caused the first of the fatal fits, is hardly agreeable, though, of course, a real dramatist might have made it powerful and moving.

As it was, the audience seemed bored during the comic passages and amused by the serious scenes. This may happen in the case of a strange work of true value; but there is nothing strange about "The Golden Light," which shows no signs of an attempt to leave the overheated track of purely conventional sentimental comedy. It is somewhat curious that a piece of such a low moral tone should, apparently, have been written and produced with the idea that it was poetic. Broadly speaking, the story may be even too true to life. Elderly literary men may neglect their wives for their books, and their wives may stir up indifference to irritation by talking when their husbands are trying to write masterpieces. Neglected wives do sometimes fall in love with young men, and young men fresh from tea-plantations are apt to be inflammable, with the result that the wives

and young men arrive at a condition of virtuous resolutions and passionate embraces which generally end in guilt and the Divorce Court. Moreover, it may be taken that when they are caught, just in time, by the husband, and discover that the shock of discovery will bring him to death, they probably wail virtuously till the husband is out of the world. Still, one does not get a pretty play out of such material, and nothing but great power could justify the choice.

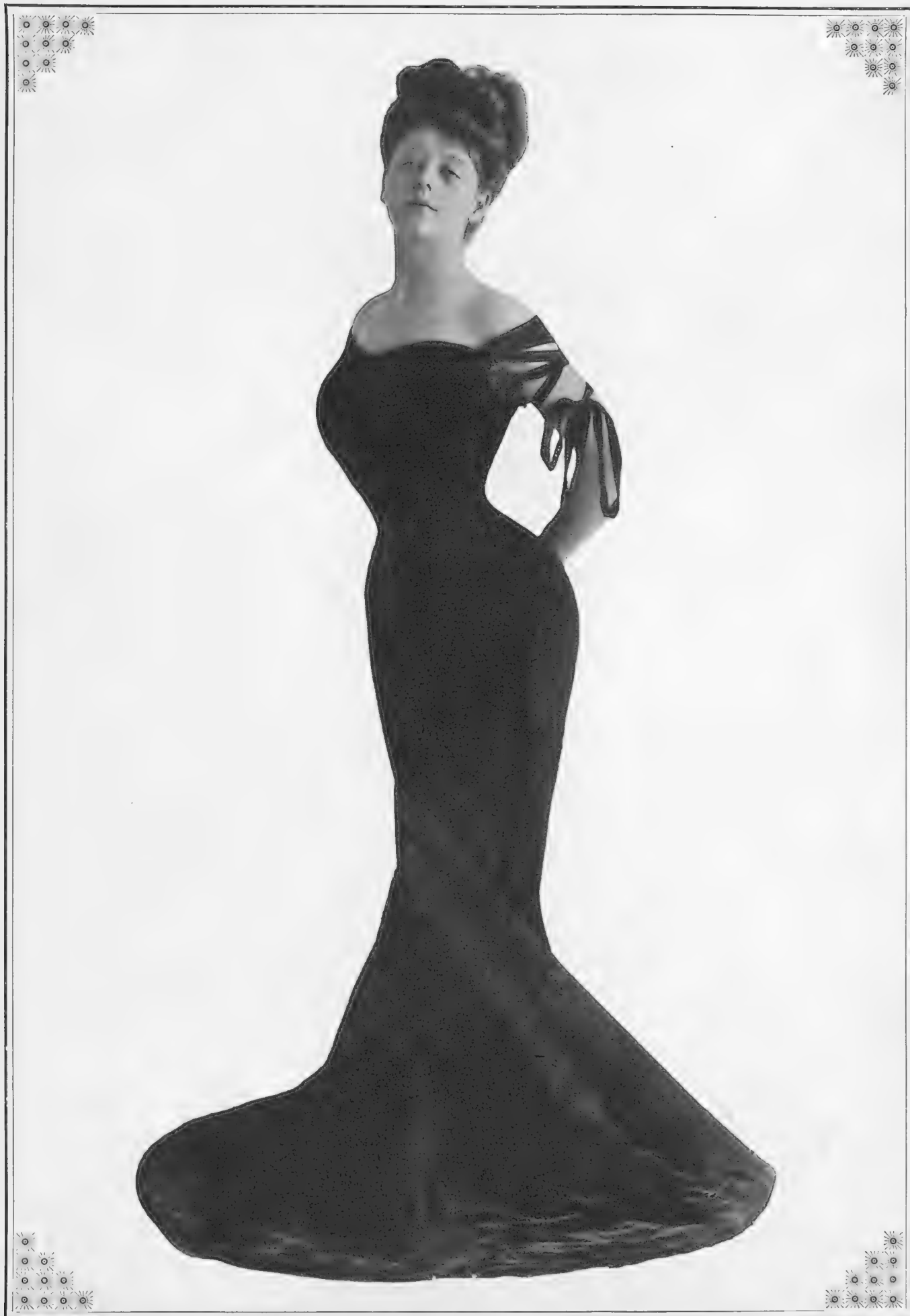
The performance was no better than the piece. Mrs. Brown-Potter confirms the remarks made in this column a little while ago as to the bad result upon the player-manager of the lack of an effective stage-manager. For it may be taken that, if under someone in authority, she would have been required to talk like a human being and not indulge in a kind of imitation of a phonographic reproduction of an affected Ritualistic curate. Moreover, some of her eccentricities of speech, such as saying "mahn" for "man," would have been corrected. Also he would have advised her that unmade-up hands look strange against gorgeous, elaborate, fantastic frocks. It may be said that the faults noticeable in her work in "Francillon," "Charlotte Corday," and the "Musketeers" play are somewhat aggravated, and that the promise she showed in "Loyal Love" a good many years ago is unfulfilled.

The rest of the acting proved how little an average Company can do against poor parts. Mr. Gilbert Hare, one of our cleverest old-men actors, appeared quite spiritless as a tedious, elderly friend of the heroine. Mr. W. L. Abingdon, who presented the irritable novelist, could find no scope for display of the qualities that have won his popularity. Miss Mabel Beardsley's peculiar gifts were wasted. There seems no need to discuss those who presented the curious caricatures of a "Smart Set" that formed the ineffectual comic element of the play. They cannot be blamed for failing to render the creatures lifelike or amusing. Moreover, one can hardly blame the "producer" for the curious manoeuvring of the characters, since the authoress has not mastered the elements of the art of getting her people on and off the stage.



MR. ANTHONY HOPE, THE LATEST PORTRAIT.

Copyright Photograph of the "Daily Mirror."



[Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside

MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD,

WHO MADE A HIT AS THE GIBSON GIRL IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY, AND HAS NOW BEEN ENGAGED TO PLAY A SIMILAR PART IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

THE ROMANCE OF SCOTLAND: SOME DISTINGUISHED HIGHLAND CHIEFTAINS.

THE twentieth century is poor in mediæval survivals, but, from the romantic and historic point of view, the most remarkable is undoubtedly that of the great Highland clans. The ruthless cruelty with which was stamped out the great Jacobite Rebellion of the '45 went far to extinguish the Scottish system of feudal clanship, for at one moment it was actually felony for a Highlander to wear his beautiful and becoming, and, it may be added, sensible and suitable native dress. Thanks, however, to the constant efforts made by the Highland chieftains, the Act passed in 1747 was finally repealed, and in 1782 the Highlander was once more free to wear the kilt. At once all those Scots interested in the Highlands banded themselves together in order to encourage the wearing of the national costume, and the splendid courage shown by the Highland kilted regiments in the Napoleonic Wars gave pause to even the fiercest opponents of the Stuarts and endeared the Highlanders to the reigning dynasty.

The late Queen's passionate interest in all that concerned the romance of Scotland and of the Highland fealty to their chiefs was one of the most striking traits in her character. Even when in the South her body-servants were from Deeside, and habitually wore their native dress; and the King, when in Scotland, always wears the traditional Highland garb and Stuart tartan.

Although, of course, the various clans differ greatly in membership, there are actually between seventy and eighty distinguished Scottish families who have a right to a distinctive plaid, and, indeed, to the wearing of more than one tartan, and, of those headed by the great Dukes, perhaps the most remarkable hail as chieftain the Duke of Argyll, who is head of the Campbell clan. Then comes the Duke of Montrose, the chief of the Grahams, and one of whose immediate predecessors actively concerned himself in bringing about the repeal of the Act which bade fair to extinguish the kilt; the Duke of Atholl, who has done everything in his power to keep up the great traditions attaching to Clan Murray, and whose eldest son, Lord Tullibardine, may be said to be the great authority on the modern fighting Highlander; and, lastly, the Duke of Sutherland, who heads perhaps the oldest of the Scottish clans, for it claims to be descended from the remnants of the Celtic population who inhabited the North of Scotland before the Scandinavian invasion.

Many touching stories might be told concerning the intense feeling of kinship which binds together the members of a clan, both to one another and also to their chieftain. In his own tract of country a great Highland chief is regarded with almost superstitious veneration by the hundreds who bear his name, and this feeling, far from dying down with the advance of so-called civilisation, tends to increase, especially since many of the latter-day chieftains now take their duties so seriously and perform them so admirably.

An interesting example of this is shown by the conduct of young Lord Lovat, the head of the Frasers. He is the largest landowner in Inverness, and the South African War gave the young owner of Beaufort Castle a great opportunity, of which he splendidly availed himself, for he raised various Companies of Scouts.



BRODIE OF BRODIE.

Photograph by D. Whyte.

These sturdy Highlanders proved themselves invaluable auxiliaries to the regular army, and their young chieftain received the personal thanks and congratulations of the King.

Lord Lovat last spring entertained all the members of the

Clan Fraser in the great hall of Beaufort Castle, and he was presented by them with a splendid silver casket, in recognition of the fame he had brought the clan during the war. At the present time, Lord Lovat is in South Africa, where he has acquired a large track of farming land, which he is colonising from his own estate in Scotland. He was much missed at the various Highland Gatherings which took place last autumn, and which have done so much to keep alive the old feudal feeling, many a London Scot journeying up North to take part in one of the great "meetings."

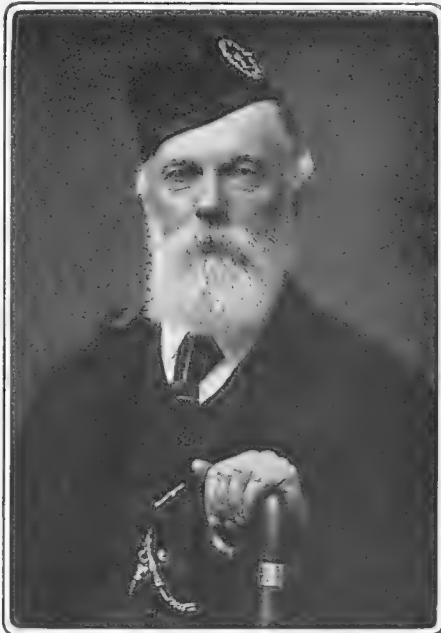
Time was when these Highland Gatherings were more or less completely local in their interest, and, indeed, it was difficult for any Southerner to obtain admission to the festivities connected with them. Now, however, the Braemar Gathering, the Northern Meeting at Inverness, and the Argyllshire Gathering bring to each of the districts of the Highlands crowds of visitors, and, of course, the tenants of the various shooting and fishing lodges in the neighbourhood make a point of being present.

Every Gathering has its characteristic feature; that which takes place at Oban, and which may be said to almost owe its being to the Campbell clan, headed by the Duke of Argyll, is noted for its musical competitions; that held at Inverness, and which all the chieftains of that part of Scotland make a point of attending, for its games; while the Braemar or Royal Gathering has always been noted for the wonderful dancing which has been from time immemorial a Highland accomplishment.

An interesting point concerning the clans are their distinctive badges. The Campbells wear the wild myrtle; the Drummonds, who boast of having the oldest badge, sport the

wild thyme; the Frasers wear stuck in their bonnet a piece of yew; while the Macphersons, the Mackintoshes, the Macduffs, the Farquharsons, and all those attached to the curiously named parent clan known as the Clan Chattan have a piece of box as their badge; and the Mackenzies share with the Macleans a sprig of holly, while the Sinclairs have the typical Scottish gorse. It will be noticed there are few flower badges; however, the Fergusons have the foxglove, and the Macintyres white heather; the Rose clan, of whom the chieftain has the curious second title of Baron of Kilravock, wear a sprig of wild rosemary, while the Iqhuarts have as badge a gillyflower. The Stuart tartan, which is, of course, worn by members of the Royal Family, is always seen in conjunction with the thistle.

Of late years an attempt has been made to revive the famous "war-cries" or rallying words of the clans. These in many cases recalled some native mountain or lake connected with the history or home of those who used the word with which to rush into battle. These battle-cries are, of course, all Gaelic; but, curiously enough, tartan, which naturally plays so great a part in the history of the distinctive Scottish Highland dress, is not a Gaelic word, and it may date only from the day when was drawn up the awful form of oath which, after the rising of '45, had to be taken by any Highlander anxious to benefit by the Act of Indemnity, and in which each man had to swear "to never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb." It is an interesting fact that many clans have the right to wear four or five different tartans, of which one, known as "the chief's tartan," may be worn only by the head of the family and by his heir.



CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

Photograph by D. Whyte.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

THE ROMANCE OF SCOTLAND: SOME DISTINGUISHED HIGHLAND CHIEFTAINS.



LORD LOVAT.

MR. W. D. MCKENZIE OF FARR.

MR. E. G. FRASER-TYTLER OF ALDOURIE

THE DUKE OF FIFE.

LORD DUNMORE.

THE MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH.

The Photograph of the Duke of Fife is by W. and D. Downey; the others are by D. Whyte.

PROTECTION.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



"DO ye tell ut to me all over agen," said Father William, when I had spoken to him of Corn Laws and Fiscal Policy for about twenty minutes. "Tell ut all over agen, for me brain works werry slow, an' no mistake. An' I 'member a lot o' things 'bout corn, an' I'll tell 'em to ye. An' it's more than ye'll

learn in Lunnon, I'll be bound; an' ye'll go back an' say I'm y'r best fr'en', an' it'll be th' truth."

He stirred the fire and adjusted his cape, and drew his chair a trifle nearer to the friendly blaze.

Then I told him again the little I knew about Protection and its supporters, the countryside and its problems, the labour market and food prices, and I saw he was rousing himself for criticism.

"Ye've read it all in th' papers, no doubt," he began, "papers writ by them what lives in Lunnon an' knows nowt o' th' land. But I'm in me ninety, an' when I were a boy, an' a man too, this land growed a 'mazin' lot o' corn, an' I've known it fetch sixty shillin' a quarter, an' drop, as Master George 'as told me, down to twenty-seven. They don't grow no corn in Lunnon, I'll be bound, an' a gre't, dirty ole place it be, for I know them wot's been there, and ye can't deny ut. An' I'd like th' Corn Laws, if that's what ye called 'em, to come back, an' some o' me neighbours wot's 'mazin' proud'd come down quick. Lor', they'd be wunnerful shrunk afore they was much older!"

"When I were a boy," continued the elder, "we 'adn't never 'eard o' trains, or bicycles, or postmen, or letters, or schools, or marmalade, or *Lloyd's* paper what comes o' Saturdays, or tea or coffee neither. One o' ten I were, an' all the others dead, th' fools, an' there ain't man or woman, nor beast neither, wot can come and say, 'Father William, I 'members ye a little boy.' 'Cos if they did it'd be a lie, an' so I'd tell 'em sharp."

A piece of coal slipped over the bar of the grate, and Father William paused to take it up in the tongs and return it to the fire. "Do ye burn, ye varmint," he remarked to it; "for it's y'r station in life, an' do ye keep to ut."

"Ten of us," he went on, more to the fire than to me; "an' me father earned nine shillin' a week, an' bread a shillin' a loaf, an' so we made our own. Bread an' pertaters, an' a carrot an' turnip in season, an' a bit o' fat bacon times we killed a pig, an' that weren't off'en. That's 'ow we lived, to be sure. An' them wot didn't git enough wittles died, an' them wot did went on th' land an' warked, same as I did, f'r two shillin' a week, bein' young. Lor', it were wunnerful cold on th' mush in th' winter when I were a boy, an' I 'most froze many's th' time; an' I'd git down in a ditch to be out o' th' wind."

"What do ye want wi' schoolses?" demanded the veteran, sternly, after a short pause. "We styed on th' land, an' warked it well; an' them what ye puts t' school goes up to Lunnon, sure, an' don't care nowt about th' country. An' where a man made nine shillin' 'e makes fifteen, an' more in 'arvest, an' so 'e's bin spiled. An' if it's corn what's done it, put up th' price, I sez, an' don't delay ut."

"Look round th' village," continued Father William. "Ev'ry man 'as 'is own wegebles, an' a pig, mebbe, an' even chickens, an' a grocer what comes round in a cart, an' a butcher what sells 'im prime meat like as 'e was the Prince o' Wales 'isself or th' Squire. An' 'is childer must 'ave boots an' stockings, an' school f'r years an' years, an' a school-treat, it's likely. An' th' baker must bring 'em bread, an' they'll see it's white or they won't 'ave it by no means. An' when they goes out o' Sundays they're like th' yaffle" (green woodpecker) "'isself, reds and greens, an' gre't ole 'ats wi' feathers in 'em. An' they comes past me door, an' I'm no more to any on 'em than a pore ole man in me ninety. An' it's all along o' th' corn, I don't doubt ut, what's made 'em so proud; an' it didn't ought to be that cheap, seein' there ain't one field now where there was six when I were a lad."

"Sixty-five year ago I married an' come to live 'ere," continued Father William, pointing round the room with outstretched finger;

"an' I were a shepherd, an' there weren't never a better one in th' parish, an' th' old Squire'd ha' told ye th' same, bein' a right-for'ard man, 'ad 'e lived, which 'e never. An' I counted meself wunnerful well off on me nine shillin', an' brought up me family what's gone out into th' world or dead. An' they was allus a credit to me. One on 'em's a p'liceman, an' ye can see 'is photo f'r yerself on th' mantel-shelf there; an' 'e's that good an' strite they've made 'im sergeant an' give 'im a watch an' a pipe an' a marble clock an' a rumbreller. That's along o' me keepin' 'im to 'is dooty. If 'e'd 'ad schools an' white bread an' a postman to bring 'im letters, an' what not, I doubt 'e'd ha' been no better nor me neighbours."

"I'd like," continued the veteran, now addressing himself to the fire and ignoring me, "I'd like to see bread go up, an' some on 'em wot's worried me these years to come down. An' do 'em good. There's th' shepherd, an' all 'e knows I've taught 'im, 'cept it ain't worth knowin', an' that 'e taught 'isself, th' obstinit fool! Comes talkin' to me same as if 'e understood all about sheepses, an' gits sixteen shillin' a week. Lor', I'd like 'im to come down to nine."

"An' there's ole man Garge, nigh th' Mill," he went on, still ignoring me. "Took a prize f'r 'is wegebles, did 'e; an' no wonder, seein' 'e 'as time to tend 'em, an' money f'r seeds an' f'r nettin' t' keep away them buds, an' lads what's at school 'stead o' bein' on th' land. An' said 'is wegebles was better nor mine, which they never, an' well 'e knew ut, th' liar! Ah, I'd well like th' price o' corn to rise f'r 'e, an' then 'e'd eat 'is wegebles an' not take prizes that b'longs o' rights to them what's better nor 'e. An' there's ole man Martin, wot swore wunnerful; but 'e's dead, an' th' price o' corn won't touch 'im. An' when 'e were alive 'e didn't trouble 'bout bread so 'e 'ad beer an' plenty ov ut. An' where 'e's gone to it's water 'e'll want more than bread nor beer neither."

"If ye want men back on th' land," continued Father William, suddenly remembering me and turning round, "ye must make corn dear agen. When it were sixty shillin' a quarter ye could get all th' labour ye wanted, an' now it's tharty ye can't get 'arf, an' th' fields goin' back to grass right an' left. I'm an ole man, an' well I knows what I'm sayin'. An' when ye've got y'r men, stop all they gre't, nasty ole trains what runs to Lunnon 'most every mornin' an' evenin' an' makes people restless. If ye takes wegebles from one part o' th' garden to t'other they won't grow, an' it's th' same wi' folk. An' drop all they schools what makes children discontented an' takes 'em off th' land where they belongs. An' let 'em all live as their fathers an' gran'fathers did, an' not sich a lot o' tea, an' butcher-meat o' Sunday. It'll teach 'em their place, what they've most forgotten, I doubt, an' they won't come walkin' past an ole man's door an' not even passin' 'im th' time o' day or takin' notice when 'e gives 'em good advice."

"Ye've just been spoilin' 'em wi' cheap food an' big wages, an' now ye can't get 'em to wark. An' no wonder, Lord love ye; it were th' same wi' me ship-dogs, an' many's the dog I 'ad. If I'd kept 'em in me garden an' giv' 'em their wittles reg'lar, they wouldn't ha' done no wark, not they. An' me sheepses would ha' strayed, an' me wark'd ha' been broke up, an' me master'd ha' lost th' flock, an' 'is land'd ha' been sold. But I give 'em enough an' no more, an' a welthin' when they needed it, an' they knew their place an' kept it. I never giv' 'em butcher-meat nor white bread—nor papers o' Saturday or marmalade or trains, f'r that matter. An' there wasn't a shepherd in these parts 'ad better dogs, nor better sheepses, an' th' land were that full o' corn it were 'ard to find pasture for 'em. An' now I've told ye th' truth, an' ye can do what ye like with ut, an' teach them what preten's to know an' don't know nothin'."

So saying, the veteran drew his cloak closely round him and went to sleep.

DUDLEY HARDY AT THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS CONGRESS, VIENNA.



SOME TYPES OF DELEGATES.

"THE GARDEN OF LIES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S:

THE PLOT OF THE PLAY IN A NUTSHELL.



Denis Mallory (Mr. George Alexander) agrees to impersonate the husband of Princess Eleanor. The Prince is prevented, by political business, from joining his wife, and it is feared that the Princess, who has lost her memory through a shock, will also lose her reason if she cannot see her husband.



Denis meets the Princess (Miss Lillian Braithwaite) in "the garden of lies." He was deeply in love with her before making the bargain, and he now becomes more infatuated than ever.



Mr. Leslie Faber.

At the same time, he hates himself for the deception, and seeks solace in absinthe. The result is a bad attack of delirium tremens.



Eventually he goes away to fight with the Prince against a neighbouring State. The Prince gets killed. Denis returns to the Princess, is forgiven all, and marries her.

THE RETIREMENT OF MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

(SEE PAGE 430.)



THE FAMOUS "RIP VAN WINKLE" IN HIS STUDIO.

MR. JEFFERSON PROPOSES TO SPEND THE EVENING OF HIS DAYS IN PURSUIT OF HIS FAVOURITE HOBBY, THE PAINTING OF LANDSCAPES.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS'S long-promised and certainly eagerly awaited biography of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton is now in the press and will be issued next month in a handsome illustrated volume. It will contain a most interesting and valuable account of Mr. Watts-Dunton's literary friendships, and separate chapters are devoted to his reminiscences of Rossetti, William Morris, George Borrow, Tennyson, Stevenson, and Herbert Spencer, while Mr. Douglas is indeed fortunate to have obtained permission to include many extracts from Mr. Watts-Dunton's scattered critical writings. Several of the art treasures which decorate the house of Mr. Watts-Dunton and Mr. Swinburne at Putney have been specially photographed for this new volume.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is hard at work on his book on Charles Kingsley for the "English Men of Letters." His fantastic tales in the *Idler* will shortly be published in book form.

Mr. John Murray will issue this autumn a translation of Leo Deutsch's "Sixteen Years in Siberia," a book which has created a sensation in Germany and which is naturally confiscated in Russia. Arrangements have also been made to publish an English edition of a remarkable work, entitled "The Russian Downfall," by Hugo Ganz, of which, it is said, over seventy-five thousand copies have been already sold in Germany. The author, a well-known political writer, has spent much of his time in the Russian capital and has made a careful study of the present state of the Russian Government.

The Japanese War has already produced a fair crop of books—and the Correspondents have not yet returned, although one, at least, has hastened home with his manuscript ready for the printer. Publishers have learnt by costly experience that only the first war-books sell to any extent. The library subscribers soon tire of actuality. It is rather disappointing to find that we are forestalled by a German in an obvious war-book which is likely to be a great success. The conflict in the Far East has so revolutionised ideas of naval and land warfare that some kind of a forecast novel was bound to come. This is to be supplied by a German, August Niemann, whose "World War," a story of 1910, is to be issued immediately. Of course, England is utterly routed, and her possessions divided among Germany, Russia, France—and Spain! The average man never gets over the toy-soldier age, and, of course, he will read this book with avidity. It's a pity.

There is no more melancholy book in the world than the average humorous anthology—or rather, anthology of humour. I have been exploring two pretty volumes of American humorous verse and American humorous prose, which have just reached me from America, in search of a smile. I regret to have to admit that the only success I met with was in the shape of several quite good Limericks. Limericks are so invaluable as stop-gaps in dinner conversations that I cannot afford to quote them. By the way, what a strange craving learned Professors have for Limericks, and what preposterous pride if they have invented one all their own. At a literary dinner recently a

scholar of great eminence literally bombarded a famous editor with these nonsense verses, and his joy at hearing a new one was so immense that, instead of listening to the after-dinner speeches, he was busy making a Limerick anthology on his—cuffs.

If this prose anthology is an adequate representation of contemporary American humour, the vein seems rather thin. Mr. Dooley is always worth reading—his fun is so eminently good-sensible—but it is a pity he is represented by his skit on the Victorian era. We are not yet used in this country to taking the name of Queen Victoria in vain. As for the other newer humourists, they cannot hold a candle to Mark Twain at his best, and one turns from them with a sense of relief to the robust fun of Bill Nye and the delicious spelling of Josh Billings, who turned the alphabet into a broad grin.

As for the anthology of humorous poetry, it is full of verse which is neither poetical nor humorous, and two pages are given up to a most offensive skit on the Kaiser. There are some quite amusing pieces in German dialect, and some quaint conceits of the purple-cow type, but, for the most part, the only pages worth reading are those devoted to such men as James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, and Paul Laurence Dunbar, whose delicate and charming lines are strangely out of place in a volume which contains such gems as—

AUNT ELIZA.

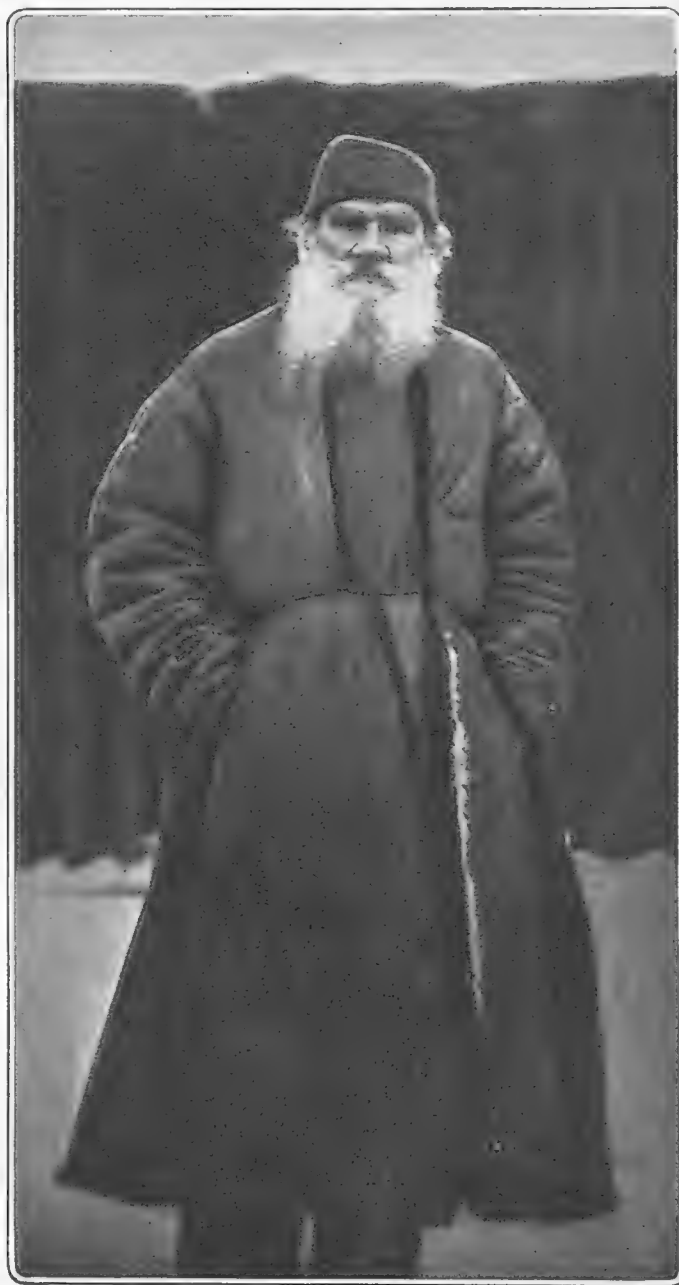
In the drinking-well
(Which a plumber built her)
Aunt Eliza fell—
We must buy a filter.

And—

BABY.

Baby in the caldron fell—
See the grief on mother's brow;
Mother loves her darling well—
Darling's quite hard-boiled by now.

Mr. Thomas Wright of Olney is to publish a Life of Dickens through Mr. Grant Richards. No doubt, there are more things to be told of Dickens, but whether it is desirable that they should be told is quite another matter. The greatest consideration is due to the memory of the master and his living descendants. O. O.



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY IN THE DRESS OF A RUSSIAN PEASANT.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

not to any one country or creed. Of late years the great Russian writer has seen himself becoming, as it were, the god of innumerable thinkers and enthusiasts, some of whom journey thousands of miles simply to press his hand and gaze into his face. So remarkable is Tolstoy's place in the world that the Russian Government, much as they disapprove of his utterances, especially of those against war, dare not try and stop his mouth. Few people are aware that Count Tolstoy was one of the very first to recognise the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson. He wrote to a French friend that, to his thinking, there had never been written so remarkable a short story as "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Even now Russia's Grand Old Man keeps in close touch with both French and English literature; he is a keen critic and often writes pleasant notes to the authors of books that have pleased him.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.

"HEARTS IN EXILE."

By JOHN OXENHAM.
(Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

is constrained to marry Serge Palma, in order that her life-work, the education of the Russian peasantry, may benefit by the riches he can bring

The plot of "Hearts in Exile" is vastly ingenious, and will undoubtedly bring intense satisfaction to Mr. John Oxenham's many admirers. Hope Arskaia, loving Paul Pavlof, is constrained to marry Serge Palma, in order that her life-work, the education of the Russian peasantry, may benefit by the riches he can bring her. Both lover and husband are arrested for alleged political offences, and they meet in the stockade of the Tomsk convict-forwarding prison. Paul is condemned to transportation to Minusinsk for five years; Serge to Kara for ten. The former learns that Hope is now apparently in love with her husband and he with her, and prevails upon his companion to change identities with him, in order that he may have the chance of returning to his wife sooner than would be possible otherwise and the greater opportunity of escape offered by the provinces. In due time, Serge breaks his bonds, but, meantime, his wife, learning where he is, has left to join him, and they pass on the road. Hope Palma arrives at Kara, finds that the Serge Palma known there is Paul Pavlof, and, to avert suspicion, is compelled to live under his roof. Then comes news of Serge's death while attempting to get free. Neither wife



MR. FRANK RICHARDSON,
WHOSE NEW BOOK, "THERE AND BACK," WILL BE PUBLISHED
EARLY THIS MONTH.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

nor lover dare believe, but time brings substantiation of the story, and, after a further interval, the pair become man and wife. But one day, Serge, disguised as a Russian officer, arrives at Kara in a desperate endeavour to effect the escape of Hope and Paul. Thus does the plot run naturally to its climax. Serge is partially successful, and on the road confession is made and accepted; but, by a mischance, his plan miscarries. In a mêlée with pursuing Cossacks he is fatally shot; so the way is cleared for Hope and her lover, now released in recognition of his work as volunteer prison-doctor, and the hearts in exile find their home. Mr. Oxenham's novel is well written and will be highly popular with all lovers of good romance.

"THE BETRAYAL."

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

new Committee of National Defence which is victimised, and this by one of its members, a noble Duke who, while he almost ruins himself by a quixotic action in connection with a Company on whose prospectus his name appears, yet descends to the unutterable baseness of betraying his country's plan of defence to Continental spies—for a consideration. The hero of the tale, Guy Ducaïne, seems at first a rather poor sort of creature. The son of a traitor, he becomes Secretary to the Council, having been befriended, when fainting from starvation, by a terrible Colonel who is one of its members. However, as the tale goes on, Guy becomes more of a man, though one wishes

he would not "set his teeth" quite so often, even if now and then he varies the action by setting them "hard." Still, as this does not interfere with his flow of language, perhaps it is ungracious to cavil. In the end, the Duke comes to grief and falls over a cliff; Guy marries the sweetheart of the terrible Colonel, and, since he talks too much in the Lower House, seems likely to obtain a peerage. What became of the Colonel the author does not tell us. To sum up, Mr. Oppenheim has written a novel which is curiously interesting though not entirely satisfactory. Had he taken a little more time and trouble it might have been a really good story.

"CAPRICIOUS CAROLINE."

By MARIA ALBANESI.
(Methuen. 6s.)

Madame Albanesi's new story is full of that shrewd observation, insight into human character, and vivid descriptive power which made the success of her earlier works. Her distinctive qualities as a novelist seem, indeed, to have ripened, and her touch has become, if anything, firmer. In fact, we only wish to quarrel with the title of the book, and that for two reasons: first, because Caroline is not the central figure of the story; and secondly, because she is anything but capricious. The central figure is Camilla (Mrs. Lancing), a really masterly and merciless study of an absolutely selfish yet lovable and charming woman. Camilla is not immoral: she simply has no moral sense; and the picture of her debts and difficulties, her lovely clothes, her adorable children, and her perpetual extravagances holds the reader's interest throughout the book. These children, Betty and Baby, with their engaging manners, and their frank, natural interest in food, are as real as their doting mother. As for Caroline, she goes through the singular experience of being suddenly caught up, after an unhappy childhood, in a sort of flood of affection and appreciation. Her sober, strong character and judgment prevent her from losing her head, though not from falling in love. In order to shield Camilla, who has forged a cheque in one of her straits, she forces herself to be civil to a particularly odious young Baronet, but this is her sole touch of capriciousness. Rupert Haverford, who unexpectedly becomes a millionaire after having worked his way up to a responsible post in a factory, is an interesting and even powerful study, and Madame Albanesi has succeeded in showing the special attraction which such a woman as Camilla would exercise over such a man.

"JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P."

By KATHERINE CECIL
THURSTON.
(Blackwood. 6s.)

Mrs. Thurston's first book, "The Circle," won recognition for an unknown writer by its undeniable power, but "John Chilcote, M.P.," leaves that achievement far behind, for it displays exceptional ability in the handling of a very difficult theme. The idea of a double is, of course, nothing new, but previous writers have been more occupied with the ingenious unravelling of practical difficulties arising from the circumstances rather than with the possibilities that lay in a more subtle treatment. It is not the mere question of one individual impersonating another that has appealed to Mrs. Thurston—she has pictured the man with great opportunities incapable of using them owing to a fatal weakness, and the man of no opportunities, endowed with a keen, intelligent mind and an iron will, waiting for the chance which in the natural course of events would never arise. John Chilcote, a slave to the morphia habit, sees in the likeness between himself and John Loder an easy path to the indulgence of his vice and the shelving of his responsibilities. It would have been impossible to tempt John Loder, inured to the endurance of a struggling and colourless existence, with any ordinary temptation, but the proposition that the two men should exchange existences, whenever Chilcote felt unequal to his duties, rekindled the former's old ambition for the laurels of the orator, and he succumbed. Into the character of Loder the author has put her best work, making one recognise the inherent manliness of such a type. Having put his hand to the plough, he never regrets—not even the doubtful actions which must, of necessity, be performed; and it is only when his love for Chilcote's wife threatens the very foundations of honour that he attempts, at great cost to himself, to draw back from the scheme. Through the mask of Chilcote's outward semblance he has achieved his secret desire—to dominate all by the power of his own personality, and his great speech in the House is the final proof of his complete success. The love-scenes between Eve and John Loder, passionate as they are, show a refinement and reserve which are rarely to be found in the fiction of to-day. Mrs. Thurston's book is powerful without being blatant, and to have achieved strength without the sacrifice of delicacy of handling is no mean accomplishment. If her manner of writing be a shade too brisk and business-like, at least it is entirely devoid of affectation.

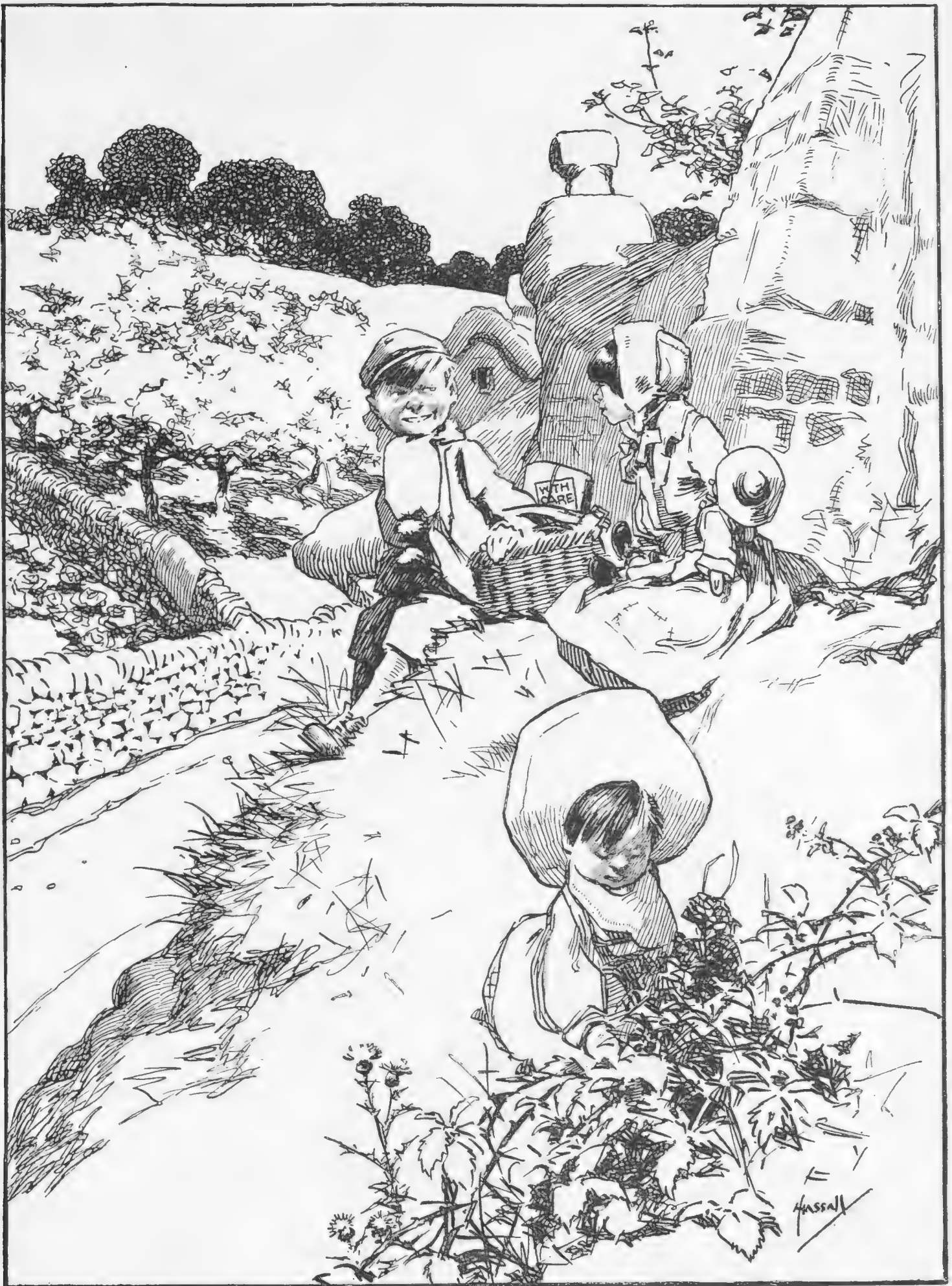
The Humourist on the Football Field.



SHE : I suppose you 're quite devoted to the game ?
HE : Rather ! Keeps a chap so rippingly fit.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Studies of Children. By John Hassall.



II.—THE GOOSEBERRY.

Plays and their Titles. By Cecil Aldin.



I.—"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

By CHARLES GLEIG.



The great ocean liner had entered Southampton Docks hard upon sunset, too late to enable him to reach her that night. His

disappointment was keen, although he chafed at his own lack of patience. For two days he had wearied the officers of the mail-steamer by repeated inquiries as to the probable time of arrival. An optimistic first-mate had held it likely they might reach port as early as 2 p.m. Herbert Mansfield detected high intelligence in that mate, and listened heroically to the officer's deservedly unpublished poems. A copy of "Bradshaw," which seemed exciting after the mate's poetry, showed that the last train from Southampton to Eggbottle left at 6 p.m. His hope had been to catch that train and to reach her village before ten o'clock. A late hour to visit her, it was true, but she would understand his impatience.

A thousand times during the long journey from the South American State in which he had spent his exile Mansfield had read her letter. He not only knew the wording backwards, but he had fully succeeded in shaping the rather prim phrases to the white heat of his own ideals. Her simple piety would account, he argued, for the restraint she had exercised. She recorded the death of her husband; and how could he expect so noble a woman as Coralie to regard that event as he did? The late Mr. Brooke ought to have died ten years earlier; indeed, he ought never to have lived. No doubt, he had treated her kindly, although he could never have understood her. There was comfort—there always had been—in the knowledge that Coralie had married him against her inclination.

In the height of his misery, Mansfield had never doubted that her heart remained faithful to her broken vows. Worldly parents had persuaded her to marry the fellow. Mansfield had long ago accepted the inevitable, though at the time life had been robbed of all sweetness for him and the future without her had seemed entirely void.

He had never reproached her. He had replied in simple, manly words to her hysterical letter announcing the parental decision. True, he had urged her to defy conventions and to face possible poverty with him. Coralie replied that such was her overmastering desire, but that her sense of duty held her bound as in chains. Thus they had drifted apart—she marrying Brooke, he seeking distraction in South America, starting life anew, shaking the dust of civilisation from his feet. A very ordinary affair, you will perceive.

But the death of Brooke had changed for Mansfield the grey hue of life. In these ten years of strenuous work he had grown moderately rich. Her bright image lay enshrined in his heart. No other woman had ever attracted him for an hour, except one or two who recalled some memory of Coralie. From these he had speedily shrunk away, disillusioned. A tone of voice, a gesture, was all these had in common with his divinity. Oddly enough, he had never seriously speculated upon the death of Brooke. Such happy consummations, he held, never occurred in real life. Brooke was exceptionally robust; careful, too, of his health. Then the craze for motoring set in, and Brooke obligingly broke his neck on a dangerous hill. Mansfield read of the accident in an old newspaper, but exactly twelve months elapsed before Coralie wrote to him herself.

She wrote guardedly, but he read between the lines of her conventionality—or fancied that he did. Leaving his affairs in the hands of a friend, Mansfield at once started for England.

Next morning, the early train from Southampton brought him to the nearest town by eight o'clock, and thence he drove to Eggbottle in a fly. He had shaved off his beard on the previous night. Also he had sent her a telegram. About 8.30 a.m. the fly entered the village. Mansfield's heart beat fast. He pictured their meeting. They would look long into each other's eyes, he holding her responsive hand.

"Coralie!" he would exclaim, passionately.

"At last, my Herbert; at last!" she would whisper, as she sank upon his breast.

The rest was delirious, glorious, and, on the whole, vague. He did not get definitely further than her whispered "At last!" and the sinking business.

The village was wholly strange to him, but he knew that she lived in a house called "The Laurels," and thither the cabman had been directed to drive. It may have been 8.45 when the cab stopped at the door of the house, which was approached by way of a prim carriage-drive, flanked at mathematically exact intervals by prim shrubs. The house itself was large, square, and altogether unworthy. No doubt Brooke had chosen it. A solemn butler, looking unaffectedly hostile, opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Brooke at home?" gasped Mansfield.

"Mrs. Brooke does not breakfast till 9.30," was the chilling reply.

"I—I'm an old friend," said Mansfield. "I'll wait."

"I will take your card up if the business is urgent," said the butler.

Mansfield affected to search for his card. He had long ceased to use such things, but the butler, he felt, would not have condoned such a breach of fashion.

"I've no card with me," he explained. "Say Herbert Mansfield."

"I don't want to say it," said the butler.

I mean, that's my name," explained Mansfield.

"The Mistress never receives in the morning," objected the butler.

"The 'At Home' days are the second and fourth Tuesdays, between four and six p.m."

Mansfield took a half-crown piece from his pocket, and the butler yielded.

"Well, sir, if you'll wait in the cab for a few minutes, I'll send your name up," he said.

After a long delay the butler returned.

"The Mistress will see you, sir, in half-an-hour, unless you would prefer to return to luncheon."

The message chilled him, but to postpone the meeting till luncheon-time was unthinkable. He followed the butler to a large drawing-room, and was left alone with yesterday's newspaper and a view of the prim front-garden. The heavy door was shut upon him: no sound reached his ears during the long, long wait that followed.

The room was crowded with furniture, nicknacks, framed photographs, frail tables, foot-stools, and fully draped statuettes. Some anæmic water-colour drawings (in gilt frames) and a bad portrait of the deceased in oils represented art. The wall-paper was pale yellow, with a monotonous white pattern representing either wheat-sheaves or bundles of feathers, but probably the former. There were two fireplaces, two massive brass fenders, two Persian rugs, and two brass coal-boxes. There was too much upholstery, too much of everything except literature, which was represented by four new novels from Mudie's Library.

Accustomed to the simplicity of a semi-tropical land, the crowded,

ugly room jarred upon Mansfield. He laid the blame upon the deceased. Coralie must have retained the furniture out of respect for the dead man's mid-Victorian tastes. He looked in vain for a photograph of his beloved. He was prepared to find her bright beauty discoloured by the fist of time, but felt confident that no physical decay could mar the rapture of their union. His love for her was based upon the solid rock of respect, not upon the sands of physical attraction. Thus waiting, while she made an elaborate toilette, he vividly recalled all the qualities of heart and mind that had lifted her so high above her sex and held him constant to her. Her splendid freedom from conventionality and her bright humour had been, in his eyes, her greatest charms. He tried, but rather unsuccessfully, to remember definite instances of her breadth of mind. But she had often expressed her impatience of those conventions that hedge the freedom of young Englishwomen; and once, as he distinctly recalled, she had allowed him three dances in succession.

Another proof of her originality was her contempt for her own sex. She had gloried, he remembered, in her lack of women friends. Then he tried to recall, but with curious lack of success, examples of her rich and original sense of humour. Well, it must have been her quaint way of saying things—the bright little touches, no doubt, that evade the memory. Yes, and he clearly recollected her appreciation of good puns, and of jokes from the comic papers which she used to retail to him. How she had laughed that morning when her father fell over the hot-water can and swamped the passage!

Thus, time might dim her beauty, but the clever, merry girl of twenty would most surely have developed at thirty into the ideal comrade of his dreams.

Then, at last, the door opened, and they stood face-to-face. The lonely years fell away and were forgotten as he looked upon her untarnished beauty. There was no change, save that she had grown a little thinner. The colour mantled her cheek and her bright eyes sank modestly under his eager gaze. He tried to speak her beloved name, but emotion held him speechless in this supreme moment of ecstasy, upon which he had counted for more than a year. He forgot Brooke, he forgot her broken vows; all his loneliness and suffering seemed as unsubstantial in that wonderful moment of reunion as a dream or a meringue. His ecstasy lasted some five seconds at most; but emotion is not to be measured by time nor weighed like so much bacon.

She came forward briskly, offering him her hand, at arm's length, just as if he had been some rather welcome acquaintance. Simultaneously a chilling torrent of words poured from her red lips. "How d'you do, Mr. Mansfield? I'm so glad to see you again. I'm afraid I've kept you waiting quite a long time; but, you see, I'd no idea you would come so early, and I seldom have breakfast before half-past nine."

"Why, yes," he said, drearily, feeling as if he had lost his individuality. "Yes, I'm afraid I'm too early."

"No, not at all," she said. "Have you breakfasted?"

He made an effort to remember, feeling how little food mattered, and wondering whether this could actually be her greeting. He longed for some demonstration of love, and she spoke of breakfast. The thought of food sickened him.

"I'll tell Harris to have something cooked at once," she said. "You must be famished after your journey. They seldom prepare anything but an egg or two for me."

"Pray don't trouble," he said, trying to hide his disappointment. "I'm not hungry."

Silence fell upon them for a moment, but she cloaked her embarrassment, as before, with a rush of empty words. He could not tell whether or no she felt any real emotion, but it was wholly evident she wished to display none. She asked the usual questions about his voyage, spoke of the defects of the local train-service, keeping him rigidly in the conventional rut.

Her process dazed him, but he made an effort to strike the personal note. "You have not changed, Coralie," he said. "I was prepared to find you aged."

She laughed—a shallow little laugh—and dived back to the commonplace. She had a great deal to say to him about a local bazaar in aid of some deserving Mission, and he could not tell whether any of the old love lay hidden beneath this flood of foolish words. It was, at least, certain that she meant to avoid a scene, and he could not battle against her volubility.

He found himself lying in wait for some indications of her bright humour or of the breadth of mind that he had so confidently looked for. And, at last, she did say something which might have amused him from a girl of twenty. He responded to the poor little jest with a ghastly grin and a sinking heart.

The butler announced breakfast. Mansfield followed her to the breakfast-room. He would not admit to himself that he was disillusioned. "Coralie," he whispered, fervently, as he walked after her through the long, slippery hall. She did not hear him, because she was talking fast over her shoulder. Even the beloved name now seemed cheap, tawdry, theatrical. It suggested a music-hall artist.

Mansfield seated himself at the table—their places had been laid many feet apart—and tried manfully to eat the food prepared for him. She, sitting at the head of the table, behind a barricade of jugs and plated ware, talked on incessantly. It required some effort on his side to follow what she said. The human interest was wholly lacking until, at the close of the meal, she blundered upon something which gave him the clue to his disillusionment.

"Mrs. Huntley?" he said. "I seem to remember that name. Is she a friend of yours?"

"Oh, no," she answered, plaintively; "a mere acquaintance. I don't get on with women, as you may remember."

"I remember," he said; "but I supposed you would outgrow that little prejudice."

"Women are so jealous and spiteful to their own sex," she replied, with an air of profundity.

He remembered that she had expressed the same generality in the very same words at the age of twenty. Then he had thought her especially astute. He perceived now that her judgment was narrow and false, and it dawned upon him that Coralie's mind had aged as little as her body.

"You have not changed at all," he said, wistfully, as he looked at the foolish, girlish face above the barricade of jugs.

"I'm so glad you think so!" she said, and a slight blush confirmed her pleasure. "But perhaps you only say it as a compliment, Herbert?" she added, softly.

"No," said Mansfield; "it is the literal truth."

Half-an-hour later he caught a train to Southampton. Coralie never fully understood why he returned to South America.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



A BRILLIANT reception undoubtedly awaits Miss Evelyn Millard to-morrow evening, when she makes her appearance as Miss Lettice Pierrepont in "His Majesty's Servant," at the Imperial Theatre. As everyone knows, the part to be played by Mr. Lewis Waller is that of Major Mohun, whose Christian name was Michael,

but the authors, for reasons of their own, have re-christened him Geoffrey, a fact which may, perhaps, be regarded as significant that historical accuracy is not to be insisted upon by the dramatists, whose place, after all, is to write interesting drama and not uninteresting history, there being enough historians in the world for that purpose. If, reading the list of the cast by the light of the preliminary paragraphs that have appeared, the opinion should be formed that Geoffrey Mohun's devotion to the cause of his Royal master induces him to impersonate the King at a critical moment in his career, such an opinion will be found to be by no means incorrect.

Although "His Majesty's Servant" has been written by two American ladies, Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott and Miss Maud Hosford, it is an open secret that it has been revised

THE CLEVEREST BOY-ACTOR IN LONDON:
MASTER ALBERT VALCHERA, WHO HAS MADE A GREAT HIT
IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.
Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



by the skilful pen of Mr. Harry Hamilton. Miss Maud Hosford is an actress who, in America, was the original representative of Miss Sally Williams in "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," the part played with such inimitable skill by Miss Lottie Venne, while Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott practises the gentle art of journalism.

When two women write a play—and such collaboration is becoming far from uncommon—do they invariably represent the stage and letters? It would seem so, for the last play made by two women, "The Wheat King," offered this characteristic. So, too, did "The Matchmaker," written by Miss Clo Graves and Miss Gertrude Kingston, though the former's association with Mrs. Oscar Beringer in "Catherine Kavanagh" might be regarded as contradicting this statement, and Miss Kingston's skill as a writer of short stories gives her a claim to literary consideration.

In order to meet the exigencies of his Shakspeare Répertoire Company, in which Mr. William Haviland takes the parts the popular manager assigned to himself at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree has, during the last few days, made an important change in the cast of "The Tempest," which is crowding the theatre to its utmost capacity at each representation. Mr. Lyn Harding is now playing Prospero instead of Antonio, the latter part being assigned to Mr. Holman Clark, who has so often been associated with the plays given by Mr. Tree both at the Haymarket and at His Majesty's.

The next "star" in musical comedy is to be Mr. Arthur Williams, who, having been one of the chief laughter-makers in "Sergeant Brue," as he was for a considerable portion of the run of "A Chinese Honeymoon," will become the central figure in the next musical comedy at the Strand Theatre. This is to be written by Mr. Cecil Raleigh, with Mr. George R. Sims as the provider of the lyrics. Mr. Sims's skill in versification has been proved over and over again, while scarcely a Sunday goes by without his giving us a taste of his felicitous quality and skill in turning a rhyme. Indeed, like Touchstone,

he could probably "rhyme you so eight days together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted." With Mr. Williams, Mr. Farren Soutar and Miss Millie Legarde will be associated, for they form a trio in whose ability Mr. Frank Curzon has the very highest belief.

"The Duke of Killicrankie" has been a sort of dramatic shuttlecock in a game in which the Criterion and Wyndham's have been the battledores. Captain Marshall's brilliant comedy has been again transferred to its old home, where it will, doubtless, continue to enjoy the same measure of popularity in the future as has been awarded to it in the past. Meantime, audiences far afield are likely to become acquainted with its laughter-moving powers, for it is being translated into practically all the European languages. French, German, Spanish, and Russian versions have been arranged for, and, when he goes abroad, the travelling Englishman may find the play he had last seen in London or the provinces offered as one of the chief attractions for his amusement in any foreign city in which he may find himself.

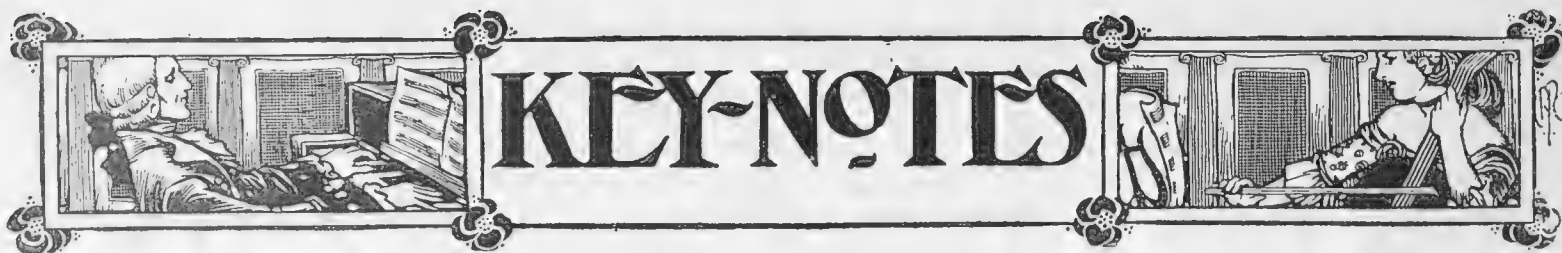
Just as the announcement of the great Ship Scene in "The Tempest" and the presentation of the barge in "Beauty and the Barge" seemed to suggest the possibility that other ship-plays would follow—a possibility proved by the announcement that Mrs. Langtry is about to give us a play all the scenes of which are laid on board a Transatlantic steamer—so the announcement of "His Majesty's Servant" would seem to have stimulated the interest in the drama of the Restoration. Next Monday week, if present arrangements hold good, there will be two Charles II. plays running at the West-End, for on that evening the Avenue will open its doors with "The Master of King's Gift," in which Mr. Frank Cooper will play the leading part. In this case, it is interesting to recall that Mr. Cooper played Charles II. in "Mistress Nell," when Miss Marie Tempest was one of the pioneers of the Charles II. drama, in which she made her brilliant entrance on the comedy as opposed to the musical-comedy stage.

When the Knickerbocker Club, of which the daily papers have been writing so much, is really started—if it ever is—the stage will have added another to the many fashions it has set, and the name of Mr. Seymour Hicks, whose knee-breeches costume in "The Catch of the Season" has been the occasion of the movement, will have to be associated with the other leaders of the stage-set fashions.



MR. HENRY LYTTON (OF "THE EARL AND THE GIRL") AND HIS DAUGHTER
IDA ON THEIR HOUSEBOAT, "MY COSY CORNER," AT HAMPTON COURT.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



MR. HENRY WOOD is presenting at the present moment a very curious problem to the London public. He has evidently thought it worth his while so to stand upon his own influence that he seems to be convinced that any combination of players will naturally yield to his own influence and become the expression of his own sentiment. In this respect I am not by any means with him. The bringing-up of a band is, as Mr. Wood himself should very well know, a serious and difficult matter; therefore, suddenly to throw in his lot with a new band means that some time must pass before he actually creates such an instrument as that with which he has recently been connected. There have been rumours of a desire on many sides to make some change in the personality of the Queen's Hall Orchestra. With these matters the present writer has nothing whatever to do; but he is convinced that Mr. Wood deserves every encouragement, and that, whatever trouble there may have been in connection with the Queen's Hall, his own work, at all events, should not be allowed to be effaced from the musical life of England.

It is extraordinary that in England there should be so few humourists in music. You can go back more than a century and find a man like Mozart writing the most humorous things in his own art that are imaginable even to his imitators; but nowadays it seems to be the right thing to take the art of music very seriously indeed. Even Wagner, when he wrote an opera like "Die Meistersinger," or placed an amazing trumpet into the mouth of Fafner, as in the second Act of "Siegfried," only considered it worth his while to turn to humour as possibly a mere exchange from extreme seriousness. It is therefore all the more delightful to find that Dr. Frederic Cowen in his new setting of "John Gilpin" has practically thrown everything, except humour, to the winds, in the art of music; "John Gilpin," according to Dr. Cowen, is one of the most delicious creatures of humour that a man can ever come across in music. Leporello, of course, stands quite alone, and so does the "old fellow of no name" who is the chief element of humour in "Il Seraglio"; but Dr. Cowen has managed, of set purpose, to create a humorous situation in music which is at every point completely successful. The thing runs away like a flash; in other words, one may say that the music bestrides Gilpin's own horse. Every congratulation should be given to

Dr. Cowen for redeeming us from the terrible and serious music with which in these days we are hedged about, from which Sullivan did everything (and did wonderful things) to deliver us, but which really cannot be destroyed save through the influence of a Festival work. The stage may help us along towards that direction; but one requires a huge joke upon a Festival platform, such as I have indicated, before men and women will perceive that there is something in the world which does not permanently allow itself to be identified with the spirit of Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

The Festivals of the autumn season are still with us, and it will be interesting to note exactly how prosperous will be the work of some of the new composers who have been engaged for the greater things of the year. I have heard Mr. Holbrooke's "Queen Mab," both in rehearsal and in a private performance; I should be very much surprised if his work did not have a very great success indeed at Leeds in the present week. Mr. Holbrooke is a man who has given all his heart and soul to music, and, with that sensitiveness which accompanies every musician of importance, he has naturally felt that, occasionally, owing to the greater powers that be, his work has not received that distinctive applause which it deserves. Leeds, however, is likely to put a final seal upon his musical reputation; Sir Charles Stanford will be there, presumably to see that the work goes well, but one cannot but doubt that Stanford does not particularly care for any very new work or for the new men who are swiftly making progress towards the front. This is not in the least to depreciate Stanford's work in any sense whatever, although one may have one's opinion as to whether his influence is altogether good in the English world of music of the present day; but, Stanford or no Stanford, there is no question but that the men of the future will advance, even as the men of the past have advanced, harassed and disturbed though they might have been for the artistic existence of which no reason outside creation can ever be given. Mr. Holbrooke, despite all small jealousies, will probably achieve a great success; this is the universal wish of musicians in England; and, after all, the music of the Universities is practically only the music of private houses. The art of conducting will remain, despite the existence of Oxford and Cambridge.

COMMON CHORD.



DR. FREDERIC H. COWEN, THE FAMOUS COMPOSER.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.



THE LATE MR. MEL. B. SPURR.

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

The death of Mr. Mel. B. Spurr is a matter of deep regret in musical and other circles, and an additional touch of pathos is lent to the sad occurrence by the fact that it took place while he was on a professional tour in far-away Australia. Beginning life as a lawyer, Mr. Spurr found the legal profession much too dry, and his passion for music, combined with a fund of irrepressible humour, led him to embark in the entertainment world. By many people he was regarded as the legitimate successor of the lamented Corney Grain, and his sketches at the piano were exceedingly popular both in London and throughout the provinces. Mr. Spurr was not only a clever entertainer, but an author and composer of some note, for, in addition to writing most of his own songs and sketches, he was responsible for several plays and operettas.



The Ten-Mile Limit—Traffic in the City—Tyres—Magneto Ignition—Driving in Winter—Another Record.

THE City of London have requested the Local Government Board to confer upon the streets of the golden area they administer the ten-mile limit for automobiles. Not because it is necessary or because the conduct of automobilists in driving motor-cars through or about the City merits it, but simply, as it appeared to me when listening to the evidence of the Chief Commissioner and other officials of the City Police given in support of the application, because there was a limit to be had and they might as well have it. But I, and everyone with me who heard anything of the evidence, will be very much surprised should the City request be acceded to, for it is specifically laid down in the Local Government Board Regulations that this limit should not be applied for until it has been found quite impossible to control the motor traffic under the powers conferred upon the police by the Act of 1903. What struck me as so lamentably absurd, and what showed clearly that the City had just said "Oh! here's a limit; let's have it," without going any further into the matter, was the fact shown by the defence that this limit, imposed everywhere throughout the City, would actually slow and hold up a considerable section of the traffic on such streets as Holborn Viaduct, King William Street, Queen Victoria Street, and Victoria Embankment. The motorist, to avoid a criminal offence provable by one witness, and the opinion of that witness only, would never dare to drive at anything over eight and a-half miles per hour, while hansom-cabs, railway omnibuses, newspaper and butchers' carts, and even the ordinary 'bus of commerce, frequently move along such thoroughfares at speeds varying from nine and a-half to fifteen miles per hour.

It may interest the reader of these columns to know that the heads of the City Police—the Commissioner, the Chief Clerk, and the Superintendent—also a plain constable, who, poor chap, had spent twenty years of his life in regulating the City traffic, were convinced that the traffic in the City never, except, perhaps, in the very rare case of a wildly excited cab-horse, exceeds a speed of eight and a-half miles per hour, while in the moment of his wildest ambition the agitated cab-horse aforesaid never moved above ten miles an hour or so at the outside. So much for the opinion of these police authorities on the maximum speed of traffic. It was shown by the Club, on indisputable evidence, that on the very thoroughfares I have referred to, on a working-day between the hours of 3 and 5 p.m., such vehicles as butchers' carts, hansom-cabs drawn by the mildest-mannered of quadrupeds, railway omnibuses, mail-vans, &c., exceeded this speed as often as not, and exceeded it very considerably. No, I don't think the City made out much of a case for their application, and I say again I shall be more than surprised if they succeed. In considering the whole matter, it must not be forgotten that the City Police admitted that they had never proceeded against a motorist for any offence whatever, and that, after searching their memories for three years back, they could only recall two motor-accidents. So it does not appear as though they had found the provisions of the 1903 Act inadequate in coping with the volume of automobile traffic.

The subject of tyres is generally pretty near the surface in the minds of most motorists, so that I do not hesitate to refer to the condition of a pair of Clincher 810 by 90 motor-tyres I saw the other day and which I know have been running on a fast fourteen-hundredweight

car since the early part of the year. They have rolled over three thousand miles in all parts of the country and on roads good, bad, and indifferent. The actual crowns of the treads are worn slightly flat, certainly, and there appear innumerable superficial cuts in the treads, but not a single cut penetrates as deep as the first layer of canvas. Within, the fabric and beaded edges are everywhere as good as the day they were first mounted on the rim, and, to all intents and purposes, the tyres, with luck, will run twice or thrice the distance they have already covered before they will even require re-treading. In the face of such quality as this, discovered in a home-grown article, why people run so madly after strange gods in the shape of foreign tyres passes my comprehension.

Magneto ignition is frequently very highly praised, but the lone automobilist—I mean, the man who carries no mechanic, but runs his four-cylinder engine himself for the love of it—should remember, when contemplating magneto with all its charms, that it lacks one attribute of the high-tension jump-spark ignition. You cannot start your engine on the switch, for the simple reason that it must be turned round, and that pretty smartly, before the magneto affords sufficient current to fire. The pleasure and ease of just switching on and hearing your engine start up briskly is denied the magneto owner, and he never hears the remark, in tones of surprise, from his lady passengers, "Why, it went without turning the thing in front."

Some people actually discuss laying up their automobiles for the winter months, just as did the solid-tyre cyclists of old their high bicycles when the winter approached. But the last-named had good reasons for vaselining and storing their mounts, seeing that then the days of

steam road-rollers were not, and the fresh metal put down on the country roads frequently took two or three months to get worked in by the ordinary traffic. Now fresh metal never lies unrolled for more than a day or so on any main road in the Home Counties, so this excuse does not offer itself to the automobilist. The idea that motor-driving in winter is cold and chilly work should not obtain, for, clad in suitable motor-garments and with a glass screen set up above the dashboard to break the impact of the air, the occupants of the front-seat of a car can motor quite comfortably in the coldest weather, while those seated in the rear portion of the vehicle are thoroughly protected.

Record-breaking still goes merrily on and when and where it will stop no prophet can foretell. Records are being broken almost daily in this country and across the Atlantic, the latest from the "U.S.A." being the run from New York to San Francisco, some four thousand five hundred miles. In this country the most recent attempt is that of Mr. D. M. Weigel, winner of the last two-thousand-mile non-stop run. Its object is to demonstrate a new method of testing the utility of small cars, which Mr. Weigel claims will prove much cheaper and more effective than the present system of trials for commercial purposes. Mr. Weigel is driving an eight horse-power two-cylinder Talbot over the six-hundred-mile route followed in the recent small-car trials; but, instead of taking six days for the trial, he hopes to finish the distance in thirty-six hours without a stop. However, by the time these lines appear he will have succeeded or failed in his attempt, so it is unnecessary to say more at present.



MR. D. M. WEIGEL (WINNER OF THE 2000-MILE NON-STOP RUN) IN HIS EIGHT HORSE-POWER TWO-CYLINDER TALBOT CAR.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Kempton—A Betting Bill—Ante-Post Betting—Accidents.

THERE should be capital racing at Kempton Park on Friday and Saturday, and I am told the course at Sunbury is looking its very best just now and the track is as green as a water-meadow. There will, according to all accounts, be a big field for the Imperial Stakes on the opening day of the meeting, including Lord Rosebery's Cicero, who has incurred a penalty of ten pounds. All the same, I think Cicero will gain an easy victory. This colt is trained by Percy Peck, who may lead back a Derby winner owing to the spin of a coin. When Lord Rosebery decided to entrust his two-year-olds to P. Peck and Blackwell, the two trainers tossed for first pick, and Peck, winning the toss, chose Cicero. It is said, by-the-bye, that Sir Daniel Cooper's dark filly, Fleta, by St. Simon, will oppose Cicero on Friday, and that she has been specially trained for the race. There should be plenty of runners for the Duke of York Stakes on Saturday, and the winner will take some finding. Robert le Diable, if well ridden, should go close, despite his weight, and the sharps' tip, Cerisier, may run well; but, from what I heard at Newmarket, I am inclined to think that Housewife, trained by Blackwell, will win. The filly has only run in four races this year. She won three times, and was fourth to Brown Patch at Lincoln, when she ran her first race this season.

Those people who think that betting will be either "legalised" or "taxed" by the House of Commons are sadly out in their reckoning. Why should Parliament step in where the Jockey Club Stewards fear to tread? The Turf senators say openly that they take no notice of betting, although, by-the-bye, posted defaulters are liable to be warned off Newmarket Heath. I was one of the minority who joined the late R. H. Fry in agitating for the taxing of bookmakers by the Jockey Club, but the "bookies" themselves out-voted the proposal, and nothing more has been heard of the matter. I still think the Jockey Club should grant licences to all bookmakers doing business in the rings, and I certainly think the Stewards should take serious notice of the betting transactions that go on over some of the handicaps and selling races. It is no uncommon thing nowadays to see an animal, who on the book is a certainty, open in the betting at evens, and, before the race, go out to 5 or 6 to 1 against. It is almost needless to add that, when this does happen, the animal in question finishes down the course. I contend that, if the Jockey Club took serious notice of market transactions, this sort of thing, at any rate, would never happen, and the Turf would be the better for the altered conditions.

Seemingly, the days of ante-post betting have departed for ever. The few quotations given each day on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire are utterly unreliable as a guide to the ultimate winners of these races, and the transactions quoted are, I take it, the covering business done in the London Clubs by the agents of the Continental firms. For the long-distance race I have heard the best reports of Lord Rossmore. The horse is under the charge of J. Lewis, who trained Comedy

and Laodamia for the late Mr. Fulton, the Belfast lace-merchant, who occasionally landed leviathan coups on English racecourses. Lord Rossmore won a good race at Ascot in 1903, and he is said to be able to stay for ever and a day. He is trained on good, sound going at Netheravon, hard by where Sceptre did her gallops when she belonged to Mr. Sievier. I shall take Lord Rossmore and Foundling to represent me in the Cesarewitch. I hardly know what to write about the Cambridgeshire, as the market is very unsettled. This race may go to the same stable by the aid of Golden Saint, who is very well just now, and can, I am informed, stay the distance well. I also have a great fancy for Wild Oats, who won by the length of a street from Whistling Crow last week at Newmarket.

The Jockey Club were, I think, well advised in stopping further racing at Northampton, as the course was, to say the least, dangerous. It is due to the jockeys riding that all race-tracks should be kept in good order and should be railed in all the way round. Racecourse lessees do fairly well as a rule, and they could surely afford to protect life and limb in the interests of their customers. And here I would add that some racecourses, judged by the going in front of the Stands, are voted perfect, while out in the country great holes are to be found in the track, which is otherwise rough and almost unrideable. The National Hunt Committee have an Inspector of Jumps, and the Jockey Club ought to appoint an Inspector of Courses, whose duty should be to go round at odd times and look over the various tracks throughout the country.

CAPTAIN COE.



MRS. CYRIL POTTER (FORMERLY MISS IDA MARSHALL), AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY SKATER.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

Mrs. Cyril Potter, as Miss Ida Marshall, was one of the most accomplished of the many fair skaters who may be seen each winter at Prince's. Before her marriage to the popular young Guardsman whose name she bears she gave up a great deal of her time to this form of amusement. She is now interested in many other outdoor amusements and has also become a popular hostess in military society.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THERE is a vegetable of picturesque appearance but disappointing flavour which, while long adorning the foreign fruit-stall with warm purple-crimson tones, has suddenly awaked to fame this autumn: the humble aubergine, comparatively unknown to housewives in England, has, in fact, arrived to set the fashion this season. It is



[Copyright.]

A SMART TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

said that a great French *couturière*, while still *en villégiature*, was lately inspired when at dinner to introduce it to a waiting world while toying with some slices of the vegetable fried in green butter *à la Flamande*. Be this as it may, aubergine is at the moment an established favourite, whether due to the sartorial machinations of this particular Madame la Modiste or not. Its rich tones of intermixed purple and crimson are, beyond doubt, extremely decorative, though calculated, alas, to bring out the yellows in the feminine complexion quite mercilessly. I have seen its beautiful tones on fair women, on dark, on piebald, and, while according homage to its intrinsic charms, have been constrained to notice its effects on even the most *bien-soigné* humanity. Nevertheless, it appears everywhere, and from shop-windows looks the *beau idéal* of autumnal colouring.

Black-and-white checks have by no means died the death with the departure of silk-muslins and voiles, but reappear in flannel and cloth, which goes to prove the unfailing popularity of black and white. Indeed, made up with just a *souçon* of brilliant mandarin-orange, or Wedgwood-blue, or emerald velvet, some most charming effects are obtainable that a black-and-white check could never unaided accomplish.

The amateur journalist is in great form at this time of the year, and industriously coins odd half-guineas by sending from various places at home and abroad accounts of the passings of fashion and functions for consumption in the suburbs and beyond. The account of a certain tea-party, given at Boulogne of all places, so moved the muscles of a friend also sojourning at that port of picturesque fishwives and evil smells that she despatched the account as taken

from a provincial paper, which had, no doubt, paid coin of the realm for same. The hostess, it went on to say, "looked most pleasant in purple, while Miss Noreen (her daughter) looked most *riante* in diaphanous sleeves and transparent corsage. Miss — (our hostess's niece) looked sweet in scarlet and sang 'O Roberto' in a floral toque." "The hostess's" entire family being finally polished off in several senses, our word-painter went on to detail the altogether of a round dozen other guests—who invariably looked very, or looked most, or looked quite—while a concluding descriptive gem was reserved for Miss A. W., who "appeared in an apple-green confection, which contrasted sweetly with her Venetian-like coiffure, in which she sang 'O Ninetta' and 'The Cake Walk.'" Could realistic literature further go! One's only regret was to have missed that party and diaphanous Miss Noreen!

As one result of Mrs. Brown-Potter's play, one hears that every woman in London with the least *souçon* of an interesting past is *en route* to her dressmaker for a grey gown with those touches of mauve which indicate chastened sorrow without excluding the possibilities of future upliftings of spirit. One now simply pines for the possession of expressive garments: a bonnet before whom a borrower will tremble, a blouse which will melt a husband's heart into paying for it; a dress, say shepherd's-plaid, in which one's fabricating friend will see the record of her black-and-white lies. There are, in fact, no limitations to the silken scope of clothes. Only why has nobody thought of all this before?

I always maintain that the worst-dressed woman can be redeemed to decency if she goes in for good furs and a sufficiency of them. That they are expensive goes without underlining the fact. But so are laces, diamonds, carriages, and all other desirable items of our



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VELVET AND SABLE.

terrestrial environment. Also, it may be added, costly furs are negotiable. Never have they been so much so. Which leads to the useful reflection that a sable cloak or chinchilla coat may be looked upon in the nature of an investment, for, as these precious furs increase yearly in value, they will be found always readily marketable.

Never can I pass the windows of the Grafton Fur people, at the corner of Bond and Grafton Streets, without a gaze of prolonged admiration and acute desire, for does the woman exist who can pass long coats of sable, mantelets of mink overlaid and intermixed with ravishing embroideries, gorgeous stoles and monstrous large muffs of chinchilla and ermine, motor-coats in musquash, deliciously soft equipments in white, silver, or the rare blue fox of Russian steppes, coquettish toques of every conceivable shape and costly skin, together with fifty other studies in welcome temptations which can always be contemplated and connived at the Grafton Fur Company's shop? Nor are the prices by any means so exclusive and excluding as the style and quality of the garments would imply. Most charming boleros and blouses in Texas beaver, broadtail, and natural musquash are available at prices which may, without poetising, be called cheap; long coats of astrachan, trimmed with broad black silk braid and medallions to match, are inexpressibly useful, smart, and inexpensive; while of glorified motor-wraps there is no lack. Devoted wives can here spend the balance of a quarter's allowance, moreover, in the purchase of a fur-lined overcoat for the man most satisfactorily, as smart overcoats, lined with musquash, Persian lamb, and other furs, can be made to measure for ten and twelve pounds, which surely sounds cheap to a miracle, even in these miraculously cheap times.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

FANCY BALL (Folkestone).—It would be a rather pretty idea if the five sisters went as "Autumn Leaves." There are lovely colourings in the new French velveteens which would make up most effectively—tomato reds, bracken browns and yellows, and faded greens. If your maid is clever at colouring, they might easily be made at home.

SYBIL.

The shilling edition of Mark Rutherford's novels is having a great vogue. Mark Rutherford has always been admired by a few, but his progress to public favour has been slow. There is nothing showy or tawdry or immediately appealing in what he has written, and, though he has had a band of enthusiastic admirers from the beginning who have done their best, it is to the merit of his work rather than to their labour that his recognition is due. "Mark Rutherford" is Mr. Hale White. The first thing he published under his own name was a letter to G. J. Holyoake, and the next an introduction to a translation of Spinoza's "Ethics" published by Messrs. Trübner. This introduction laid bare the jealously guarded secret of the authorship of "Mark Rutherford." The critic, detecting that both must be from the same hand, boldly proclaimed Mark Rutherford's identity, and, though Mr. Hale White has never formally acknowledged it, the fact is certain. Under his own name, Mr. Hale White will publish in October a book on John Bunyan.

The new Cretan postage-stamps, to which we alluded in a recent issue as forming a sort of mythological history of that classic island, are being manufactured in London by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson, and Co., Limited, and not in Paris.

Travellers to the Continent are always well catered for by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company. The tourist who wishes to visit Paris, Italy, or Switzerland may now avail himself of the picturesque route via Newhaven and Dieppe by the express service leaving London at 10 a.m. and 9.10 p.m. Pullman cars are attached to the English trains, and corridor lavatory carriages and sofa compartments to those traversing France.

THE POPE AND THE GRAMOPHONE.

When the present Pope was installed, he immediately determined to re-introduce the old Grecian chants into the High Mass and into the various services of the Roman Catholic churches throughout the world. In the early days, two singers were sent out to travel the whole world over and teach the Gregorian chants to the different Catholic communities. In discussing the matter with the Gramophone Company, the Pope suggested that the gramophone of to-day should take the place of these instructors. He afforded the Gramophone Company special facilities for making good records of the High Mass and placed at their disposal the services of over one thousand singers. The following letter from Cardinal Merry del Val tells the result—

GENTLEMEN,—I have pleasure in informing you that His Holiness the Pope expresses great thanks for the Gramophone presented to him by your firm, which he has safely received and has had the privilege of listening to.

The immense success obtained by the instrument, proved by the exact reproduction of the Gregorian chants, will increase, without any doubt, the fame of the instrument, which marvellously unites to the originality of the invention absolute exactitude of reproduction.

This first trial, full of success, given in the presence of the Pontiff, indicates, without doubt, increased success for you, the just result of the work commenced under such flattering auspices.

I have pleasure in tendering you the kind wishes for the further success of the Company which you have the honour of representing.—

With best wishes, I remain,
(Signed) MERRY DEL VAL.



Deus omnipotens ab ipso omni benedictionem suam in Vobis.

Pius P. X.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr has now completed the poetical drama which he has been writing for Mr. Lewis Waller, and it is to be produced by Mr. Waller in the course of the present season. The title of the play, which is in verse, is "The Lonely Queen," and the title-part will be played by Miss Evelyn Millard.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that a series of excursions will be run during the winter months on Saturdays, Oct. 8 and 22, Nov. 5 and 19, and Dec. 3. Excursion tickets for one, two, three, five, or eight days will be issued to the principal stations in the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, including Leeds, Lincoln, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham, Retford, Sheffield, Wakefield, &c. On same days tickets available for two, three, five, or eight days will be issued to the principal stations in the Norfolk District, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and North-Eastern District, including Accrington, Blackburn, Bolton, Boston, Bradford, Bury, Cambridge (G.N.), Darlington, Derby, Gainsborough, Grantham, Grimsby, Halifax, Harrogate, Huddersfield, Hull, Lincoln, Liverpool, Lowestoft, Manchester, Newcastle, Norwich, Saltburn, Scarborough, Sheffield, Sleaford, Spalding, Wakefield, York, &c.

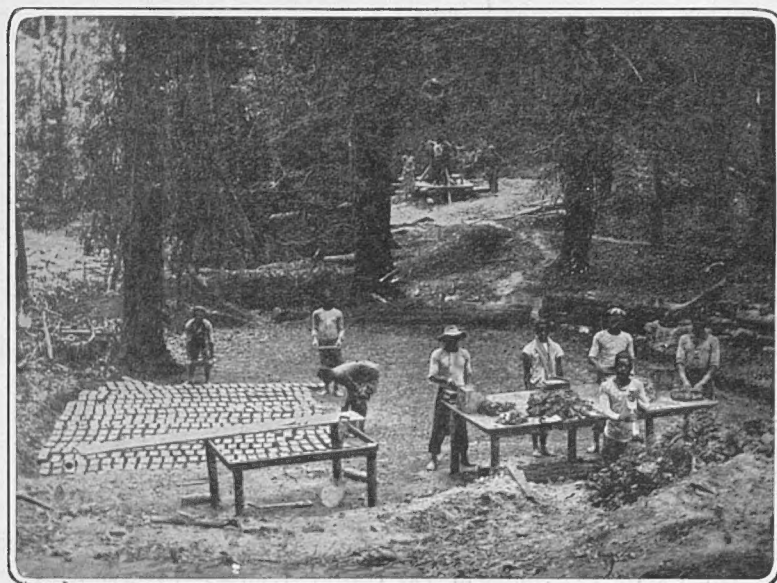
An attractive and comprehensive A B C Programme, just issued by the Great Central Railway, contains full particulars of their excursion facilities from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, North of England, and Scotland. On Saturdays, Oct. 8 and 22, Nov. 5 and 19, and Dec. 3, excursion bookings are announced for two, three, five, or eight days to numerous towns and holiday resorts, also on Sundays, Oct. 9 and 23, Nov. 6 and 20, and Dec. 4, for certain stations, leaving Marylebone at 11.15 a.m. Cheap week-end tickets are issued every Friday and Saturday to all the principal inland and seaside resorts in the Midlands, North of England, and Scotland. Copies of the Guide can be obtained free at Marylebone Station and the Company's Town Offices or Agencies.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 11.

CHEERFULLER.

ALL round the House the markets are decidedly brighter, and there is a pleasant hum of business that is sweet music to those so long accustomed to the deadly monotone of idleness. Investment continues to lead the way as regards the actual number of transactions, providing, of course, that one uses the word in its elastic



BRICK-MAKING ON THE GOLD COAST.

phase; speculation has commenced to turn sleepily, but it is not yet properly awake outside the Yankee Market, although Kaffirs look as though they might now be making another of their occasional starts that in the past have ended in sag and decline. Trunks have come along smartly, and the current quotations afford good opportunities for selling, since the course of prices will probably provide chances for repurchasing more cheaply before long. New Russian and Japanese Loans come nearer every day, but the general public are more interested in the new Chartered issue. If only a little organised pressure could be brought to bear upon the directors at the forthcoming meeting, something useful might be done in the way of probing another scandal, but all the loose talk at present prevalent is too vague to effect anything without a definite programme, and a definite spokesman to put it forward.

ON RAILS.

Market gossip talks the price of District Ordinary to 50, and the jump in the stock provides a justification of our earlier suggestion that the clique would put along the quotation when the time for electrification drew nearer. About 50 as being the immediate goal for Districts we must confess our doubts, but the market is limited and the price might easily go to 45 or a little over. Of course, it has not the same basis, by any means, as the advance in Metropolitan Consolidated, where the improvement has a legitimate ground of dividend to work upon and where the stock will certainly go to par. Of the other more or less speculative Rails, Great Northern Deferred seems to have the strongest following, while the Scotch supporters of British Ordinary and Caledonian Deferred have come in as buyers again. There is a little public dealing in Home Rails, but hardly sufficient to help the market much in the event of the bears re-attacking their favourite stocks. Apparently a heavy short position has been cornered in Canadas, although the rise received substantial aid from the optimistic crop reports to which we alluded last week. The new issue of capital will provide proprietors with a very fair bonus, and our own impression remains that Canadian Pacifics in time will go to 150. In the Argentine Railway Market the steam is somewhat out of prices for the time being, since little remains for the bulls to reckon upon just yet, the dividends being declared in most cases. Mexicans have spurted sharply upon the hope that the dividend on the First Preference stock, to be declared a fortnight hence, will be between $5\frac{1}{4}$ and $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT.

Occasion was taken only a few weeks ago to point to the better tendency that appeared to be developing in the Stock Exchange markets, and the volume of general trade has now turned into a channel which looks as though it might be trusted to run for at least several months. Speculators, of course, are now intent upon the American Market, and it is a somewhat amusing sign of the times that the bucket-shops which live by the encouragement of gambling should, by wire and heavily-leaded circulars, implore people to buy Yankee shares instead of the forlorn Kaffirs. Most of those who make a practice of American speculation are either professionals or semi-professionals, the average dabbler—who operates one hundred Goldfields or a couple of hundred Randfontein when South Africans offer any

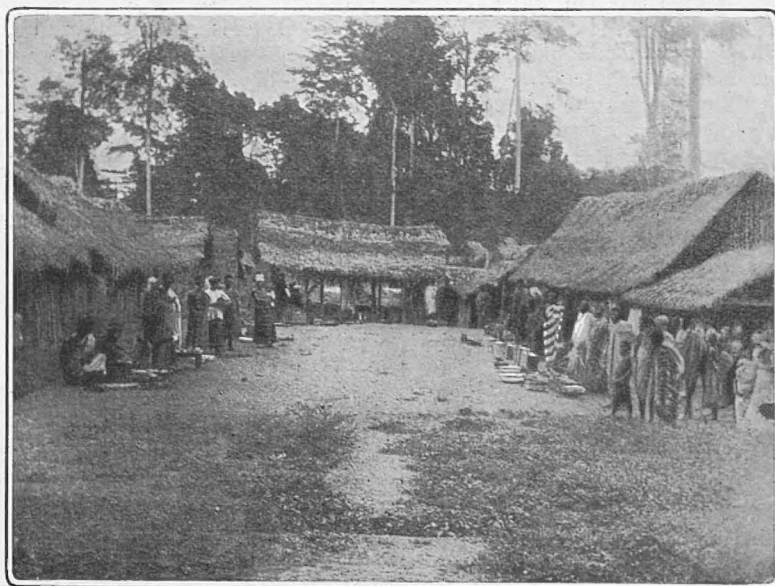
inducement to do so—being timorous of Wall Street to an extent that keeps him out of a mild fifty shares in the Yankee Market. Where speculation has arisen is in markets that, as a rule, can depend upon buyers taking up what they purchase, and upon sellers delivering what they sell. For instance, there is a lot of speculation of the better kind now being done in Central and South American Government issues, for the reasons that we detailed at some length a week or two ago. Then, again, the advance in Nitrate descriptions has speculative investment buying for its inspiration. All the dealing in Egyptian properties, such as Delta Light Railway and Delta Lands shares, is on behalf of those who buy to take up their purchases, and the sales which have depressed some of the prices during the last few days are mainly for account of “protected” bears—that is, sellers with the shares in their own names and who can deliver if needful. The Home Railway revival cannot be traced to much genuine buying, for the public continue coy upon the subject of Home Rails, and, although the bear-covering in this section was partially commenced by investment orders, the latter are slow in kindling into anything like animation.

INVESTMENT SUPPORT.

The buying of sound securities is, however, of a pronounced type, as may be instanced by the purchase through one firm of brokers of half-a-million pounds of the new North British Convertible Preference stock one day last week. The stock will, no doubt, go to several big financial houses and Insurance Companies, and it would seem as though these institutions had a shrewd perception about the course of the Money Market when the end of the year shall have cleared the atmosphere a little of some of the fogs of uncertainty that will surround Lombard Street until December has disappeared. Public money, too, has been gradually accumulating through the summer, when markets came to something very like a full-stop, and, whatever doctrines the theorists may delight to air in respect of declining capital for investment purposes, the practical man in the Stock Exchange will not grudge the evolution of such ideas so long as he finds his orders coming in at a gradually increasing rate, which gives him fair ground for the supposition that business may be expected to resume its wonted garb of industry during the winter months of which we now stand upon the threshold. October is always welcomed as likely to provide a tonic to markets after the lassitude of the summer, and the new month has opened with a promise of strength more than usually grateful to a Stock Exchange tired with long wondering why the wheels of the public's chariot should tarry.

WEST AFRICAN LEAKAGE.

Every now and then the West African Market springs into troubled life with a rise of a shilling or two in shares belonging to various groups. One week it is the turn of the Ashanti Gold Fields companies; another, the Wassau undertakings are thrust into prominence, while just lately it has been the Offin River group that claimed attention. But there is little backbone to the market, and almost every rally is succeeded by a gradual process of set-back that carries prices lower than they were before the bullish spirit seized them. The monthly returns are still well below the least sanguine expectations formed of them, and in this connection we may quote the exceedingly plain-spoken words of the *Gold Coast Leader*, in a recent issue of that journal. “Worse reports,” says the paper, “will be published as months roll on unless the directors resolutely stop the gold leakage. There has been too much stealing by white and black alike at the mines, and in crime the white thief is the worse offender. If he, the white, is honest, the black dare not steal. We say, stop the leakage.” We are told that the Jungle is to be taken in hand before long, and prices once more advanced to levels that shall make them more attractive to the public. If prices do go up again, holders will be well advised to sell.



UPPER WASSAU: A NATIVE SETTLEMENT.

SOUTH WALES POWER COMPANY.

In days to come, there can be little doubt that the great Electric Power Companies will take rank with the present giants in the gas and water world, but, so far, the industry is practically in its earliest stages. Only a few undertakings have been floated with the idea of supplying whole counties, or equally extensive districts, with the electric power necessary for industry of every kind. Of these few, one of the most advanced is the South Wales Electric Power and Lighting Company, and the figures that we happened to come across the other day were good enough to attract one's attention. In such a Company the future, of course, plays the largest part when an investment of capital is considered. The shares, of £10 each fully paid, standing about £8 apiece, may have to be held, perhaps, for twelve months before any return is received at all. But the South Wales Electric Power is a Company that will undoubtedly "come." As a "tip," the suggestion to buy the shares is worth nothing, because it may be a couple of years before the Company settles down to permanent prosperity, but for those who do not mind locking up money for the sake of future reward the shares are an excellent purchase. The 5 per cent. Irredeemable Debenture stock, the price of which is about par, may be instanced as one of those securities that in a few years' time will probably command a premium of 15 to 20 per cent.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"And write me down a bull!" concluded The Jobber, after a crescendo passage of Kaffir lauding.

"Or—the animal with which the quotation is more generally associated?" suggested the City Editor, preparing for a fray.

"Associated and Oroyas can both be bought," remarked The Broker, who had hitherto been occupied with his *Financial Times*.

"Who said anything about Associated?" The City Editor demanded.

"Why, you did. Of course, Westralians are mostly rotten to the core, but—"

"There ain't goin' to be no core to Oroyas, eh, Brokie?" and The Jobber laughed at his own pleasantry.

"You keep to your own fancies, my boy," his friend advised.

"You may know a lot about Kaffirs—"

The Jobber rose and doffed his hat.

"—but when it comes to Westralians, you're as ignorant as a bear of Kaffirs in the Trunk Market."

"Sorry someone isn't here to put you right, young man," and The Broker looked severe. "I am trying to maintain that those two Westralians are good to gamble with for a quick profit."

"Pooh!" scoffed The Engineer, "I know a better gamble than that."

Even The Banker leant forward with the others to hear the tip.

"What is it?" asked three at once.

"Salvador Railway Fives," was the reply.

"Great Scott! I'd as soon buy Otaheti Sixes," cried The Merchant. "Whoever heard of—what did you call them?"

"Salvador Railway Fives," repeated The Engineer, with equanimity.

"The mere fact of your never having heard of them shows—"

"Pray do not let us be personal," The Banker interposed. To whom The Engineer bowed, and went on—

"Here are 5 per cent. Bonds, earning and receiving their interest, which stand at 68½, and will go ten points better."

"In less than a month?" queried The Jobber.

"Sorry I can't tell you the exact date," and The Engineer tried to throw a touch of sarcasm into his voice. "I am now recommending a first-class speculative investment."

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, and see the show on such recommendation. If—"

But the City Editor threw the *Economist* at The Jobber's head and occasioned a temporary diversion.

"Fairly attractive, but only fairly so," The Banker replied to The Engineer's question as to the new North British Convertible Preference stock.

"Worth 120, is it not?"

"It may be," he cautiously answered. "The rise, if rise there be, will, of course, take place when the stock becomes fully paid up in a few days' time."

"But quite good enough stock to put away?" persisted The Engineer. "Preferable to Caledonian Convertible, for instance?"

"I dare say it is. Yes, I should say it is the better stock of the two," and The Banker played meditatively with the window-strap.

"Then put about five or six hundred pounds into it for my wife's trust," said The Engineer to The Broker.

"Right you are. You want to buy the scrip for cash, of course?"

"I can pay for it to-day."

"Good. I may be able to send it round to your office this afternoon."

"Better sort of stuff than Yankees," smiled The Merchant, overhearing the order.

"I've sold mine," The Broker said. "Made a very decent profit on them, too."

"Aha, Brokie!" The Jobber commenced. "You wouldn't tell us you had any Yankees open, my dear fellow. But we all suspected. Naughty little gambler!"

"Think I'd be such a fool as to admit having a spec. until I had made money out of it?" demanded The Broker.

"Going to buy them back?" asked The Merchant.

"I don't think brokers ought to speculate, any more than journalists," The City Editor observed.

"It would seem to have a possible tendency to warp their judgment," The Banker added, speaking with reflection.

"Oh, but my dear sir," The Broker explained, "I only had a couple of hundred shares open."

"Doesn't alter the principle of the thing," said The City Editor, severely.

Only the incidence of a tunnel, when both lights went out in the carriage, saved some heated words. It was a long tunnel, luckily.

"As we were saying," began The City Editor, pacifically, "Kaffirs—"

"We weren't," The Jobber contradicted, with promptitude. "We agreed that they were going better."

"I was going to say—"

"No, I don't think so," continued the tipster, imperturbably. "But Kaffirs aren't going to be left out of the all-round rise, and you needn't suppose they are."

"Who suggested such a thing?" inquired The City Editor, mildly. He seemed destined to be misunderstood, for The Jobber returned—

"You did, of course. And one thing you should buy is Princess Estate."

"And another?"

"I rather think Transvaal Gold might be put away. To say nothing of Van Ryn and Gedulds."

"That's something to go on with," assented The Merchant. "But will the public come in?"

"Oh, don't ask such silly questions! In time, of course, they will."

The Banker humouredly asked if The Jobber also were unable to fix the day and hour of the public's advent to the market.

A general laugh ensued. Then The Engineer told The Broker he thought he would not run his Mexican Firsts for more than another point profit.

"It's as well to take a newspaper's advice occasionally," went on the holder, nodding merrily at the City Editor.

"Oh, I know you saw it in *The Sketch*," retorted that gentleman. "But you don't suppose that a paper like ours can imitate the tips of an illustrated weekly?"

Again there was a laugh round the carriage.

"Jealousy is the mother of Journalism," remarked The Merchant.

"And epigrams, with the exception of puns, are the cheapest form of wit."

"What after Mexican 1st's?" The Engineer said, half to himself. "How about James Nelsons?"

"Not fit to touch with a pitchfork."

"Hudson's Bays, then?"

"Much more like business. Only their tremendous rise makes one feel a bit afraid to go a bull."

"There's a big bear account," The Merchant reminded him.

"And I feel pretty confident the rise is not finished with yet. Same remark applies to Canadas."

"Why don't you buy them both then?" and The Jobber looked at him with feigned astonishment.

"For the simple reason that I don't like to have too much stock open at one time."

"Stocks are in some things like drinks," The Jobber returned, rising to depart; "if you mix them, you suffer for it," and, without waiting for a volley of exceptions, off he strode.

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1904.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA BETA.—We should say it would be better, in the circumstances, to choose some investment paying less interest. Canadian Pacific Preference yields £3 17s. 6d. on the money and is a very sound security.

CONINGSBY.—Daira Sanieh Sugar Corporation 4 per cent. Debentures, Grand Trunk of Canada 4 per cent. Debenture, Port Elizabeth 4 per cent. Registered Stock, Canadian Pacific Preference, Melbourne Harbour 4 per cent., and Bankers' Trust Preferred are excellent investments for your purpose.